

FEATURING DICK COLE IN A THRILLING FIGHT WITH A BULL!
ALSO, ADVENTURES OF BLUE BOLT, EDISON BELL, AND OTHERS.



SEPTEMBER

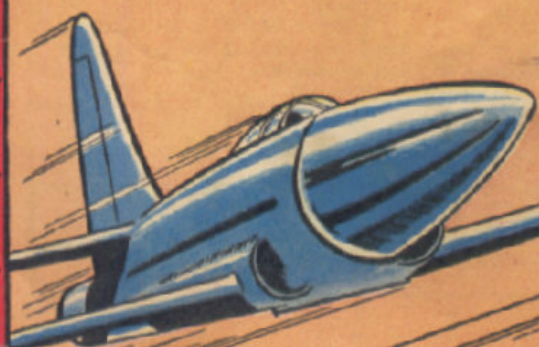
BLUE BOLT

10¢

VOL. 8 - No. 4

GLIMPSES
MAGAZINE

WINSTON PERRY
WALPOLE, MASS.



Jack Harmon



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

THE READERS WRITE:

NO COMMENT NEEDED HERE

Dear Editors:

The March issue of BLUE BOLT was the first BLUE BOLT I ever read, and believe me, it will be the last. I can't stand reading such trash.

I especially hate "Dick Cole." You can't tell me that this kid is so good. I also hate "Blue Bolts and Nuts," because the jokes are so crazy, I could make up better jokes in my sleep. "Edison Bell" is one of the puniest sissies I ever read about.

Well, I could go on telling the bad things about these stories all year, but I don't want to hurt your feelings. If you ever want any information, just write to me. I know just about everything.

Signed,
Raymond Nelson
Milwaukee, Wis.

BLUE BOLT SELLS IN A HURRY

Dear Sirs:

At our local newsstand, BLUE BOLT is not in for three hours before they are gone. The reason for its popularity is because it is an educational comic rather than a fantastic one, as are most others.

"Dick Cole," "Sergeant Spook," and the Q's and A's are tops. But, how about having more practical diagrams on the "Edison Bell Invention Page."

A Faithful Reader,
James Butler
Jersey City, N. J.

HELPFUL HINTS ARE WELCOME

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT books for a long time. They are my favorite comic books. "Dick Cole" is the best in your book, and "Edison Bell" is second. All are good except "Krisco and Jasper," because the faces do not seem realistic.

I read your February issue and I enjoyed it very much. I also think the artist does a very poor job of making characters' faces. I think they should be improved somewhat, so the readers will enjoy your book better.

I don't mean to criticize your book, because I was trying to give some helpful hints to improve your book.

Sincerely yours,
George Lewis Gross
Griffithville, Ark.

A LOYAL FAN WRITES

Dears Sirs:

I am 14 years of age, and I still find BLUE BOLT very enjoyable. When I was a small boy, I used to buy one comic book a week. My favorite was then, and still is, BLUE BOLT.

I have had many enjoyable times, answering the questions of Q's and A's, and asking them to classmates at school. I like all of your comic characters, and can't find fault with any of them. Just keep the book the way it is and you'll always be on the top of my list of favorites.

A True Reader,
Robert Modell
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BLUE BOLT WAS NAMED AFTER "BLUE BOLT"

Dear Editors:

I have read many a comic book, but the one that I prefer is BLUE BOLT. My favorite characters are "Dick Cole," "Sergeant Spook," and "Edison Bell." Although I enjoy BLUE BOLT, I have a question that cannot be answered by any of my friends. This question is: Why is this comic called BLUE BOLT? I would like to know the answer to this question that neither me or my friends have been able to answer.

Yours truly,
Beatrice Valera
Houston, Tex.

RICK RICHARDS IS "IN"

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your new issue of BLUE BOLT, and I liked it very much. I think substituting "Rick Richards" for "Fearless Fellers" was a good idea.

I especially like Edison Bell's inventions, because I always try to make them. You have a swell book on your hands.

Yours truly,
Richard Mrorzeh
Chicago, Ill.

BLUE BOLT OPENS THE DOOR

Dear Editors:

As a devoted reader, I want to tell you I like BLUE BOLT. First, because it has realistic adventures, all except "Krisco and Jasper," and second, because of its fine artwork. Some day, I would like to be on the BLUE BOLT

art staff, and have a comic character of my own.

As a whole, all I have to say is, "Open the door, Richard, and let BLUE BOLT in."

A Devoted Reader,
Alvin Smith
Gary, Ind.

A WELCOME LETTER FROM A TEEN-AGER

Dear Editors:

My brothers have been reading BLUE BOLT since as long as I can remember. They were the first to introduce me to it, and now I'm mighty glad they did. I've read about every comic book on the market, and I'll stand by BLUE BOLT every time. There just isn't any comparison!

"My favorite is "Dick Cole," because he's so clean-cut, so all-around American. "Rick Richards" is swell, too, and the "Questions and Answers" are tops! Our whole family has agreed that BLUE BOLT can't be beat. Please keep up the good work.

I do wish you could find space for a pen-pal list, though. I'd love to hear from fellows and girls around my age—nineteen—through your "super" magazine.

Very sincerely yours,
Lorraine Anita Genberg
Engelwood, N. J.

P.S.—See, even the older teen-agers like BLUE BOLT.

ANOTHER PLUG FOR RICK RICHARDS

Dear Editors:

I think putting "Rick Richards" in a comic strip was a very good idea. He's different from the others, although, I have nothing against the others, but every time Dick Cole does something, there are always some jealous men in the strip like Bark Hall.

My teacher said you can learn from the written answers on the bottom of the pages.

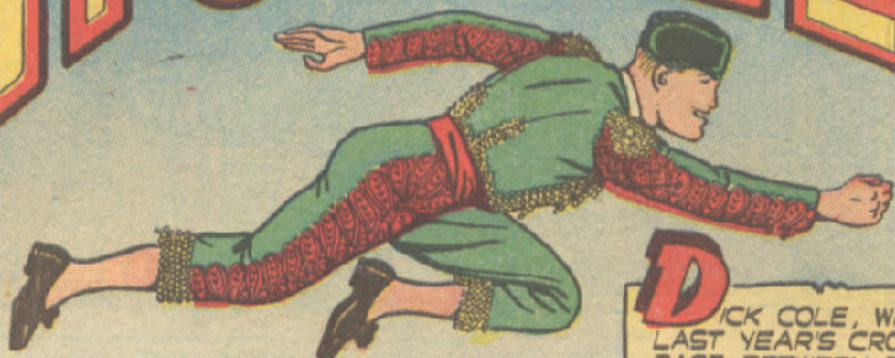
"Sergeant Spook" is very interesting, but I think Jerry should have a dog with him so the dog could help them out.

Your Future BLUE BOLT Reader,
Louis Trento
Newark, N. J.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the winner of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



DICK COLE, WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S CROSS-COUNTRY RACE BETWEEN FARR MILITARY ACADEMY AND HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY, IS FAVORED TO REPEAT HIS VICTORY TOMORROW. BUT DICK'S ROOMMATE, SIMBA KARNO, HAS A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK DICK ABOUT HIS METHODS OF TRAINING.

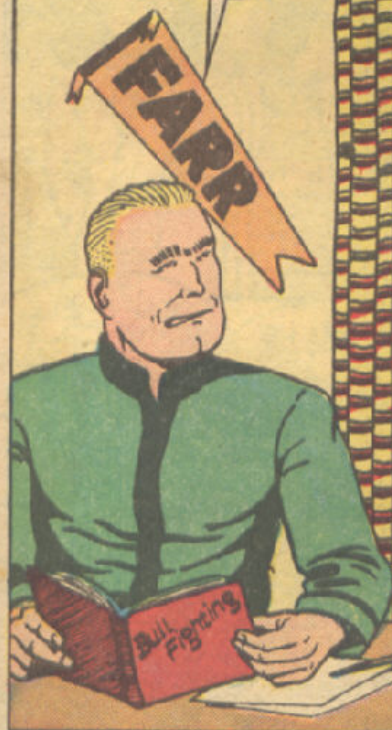
AGT BY JIM WILCOX

HAH...THE GREAT COLE! BEEN TRAINING SOME MORE FOR CROSS-COUNTRY BY PRACTICING THE HIGH JUMP?

YOU TRAINING FOR THAT HISTORY EXAM BY STUDYING UP ON BULLFIGHTING, DON SIMBA?

TOO BAD YOU DON'T KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT BULLS. YOU'LL BE THE GOAT TOMORROW WHEN YOU'RE UP AGAINST WILL VELIE. I HEAR HE'S BEEN TRAINING BY RUNNING ...NOT JUMPING!

DO TELL TOREADOR KARNO. IF I LOSE TOMORROW, WILL YOU GIVE ME A FEW POINTERS ON THROWING THE BULL?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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MEANWHILE
AT HOLDEN,
NICK DANE
AND BRAD
BAKER
CALL ON
HOLDEN'S
CROSS-
COUNTRY
CHAMP,
WILL
VELIE.



WILL, YOU'RE
SURE TO WIN
THAT RACE
TOMORROW!

RIGHT! IT
WILL BE A
SAD DAY
FOR DICK
COLE.

BOYS, I APPRECIATE
YOUR CONFIDENCE,
AND I HOPE YOUR
GUESS IS RIGHT.

OH, WE'RE NOT
GUESSING, WILL,
WE'RE SURE!

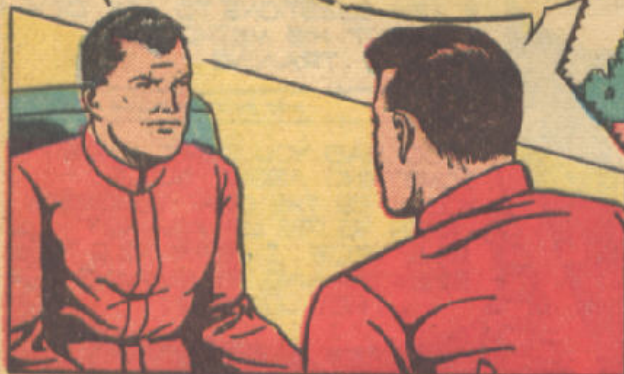
YEAH!
WE'VE MADE
SURE!

YOU'VE
MADE SURE?
I DON'T GET
IT!

LISTEN, WILL.
YOU KNOW FARMER ROSS
ON GIFFORD ROAD? WELL,
HE'S GOT A TAME BULL.
NICK AND I CALLED ON
HIM THIS AFTERNOON...

SO, MR. ROSS, WHEN COLE
COMES RUNNING UP THE
HILL HERE, YOU LET THE
BULL OUT IN THE
PASTURE, SEE?

YEAH.
YOU SIC
HIM ON
COLE!



HUMPH! HE
LOOKS KINDA
HARMLESS
TO ME!

HE'LL LOOK FIERCE
ENOUGH TO COLE WHEN
I GIVE THE SIGNAL...
WATCH!



CHARGE,
OSCAR,
CHARGE!

SA-AY! HE
LOOKS LIKE
THE REAL
ARTICLE!

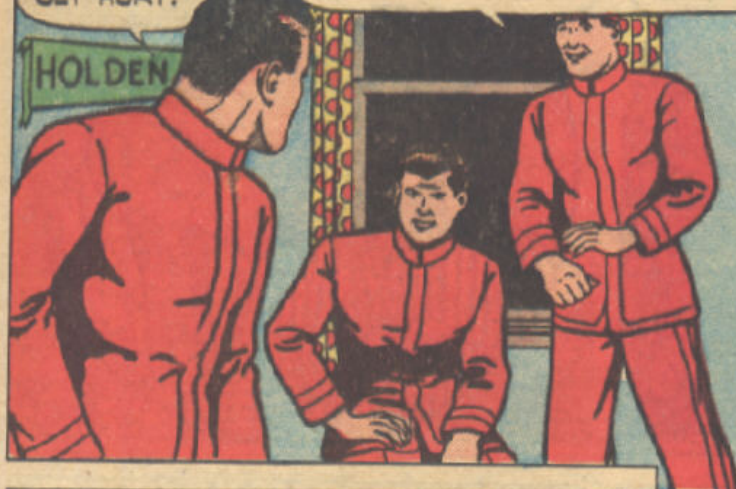
YEAH! HE'LL
SCARE COLE
INTO SOME REAL
RUNNING, EH,
NICK?



Q UESTION
No. 1. Which of the constellations is known familiarly as "The Bull"?

I DON'T KNOW AS I LIKE THIS, FELLAS. DICK COLE MIGHT GET HURT.

NOT A CHANCE! THAT BULL WILL ONLY SCARE COLE, WHILE YOU KEEP RIGHT ON RUNNING... GET THE PICTURE... THE GREAT COLE'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!



NEXT AFTERNOON, THE FARR AND HOLDEN RUNNERS TAKE THEIR PLACES FOR THE HISTORIC CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

DON'T FORGET, WILL, WHEN THAT BULL CHASES DICK, YOU KEEP RIGHT ON UP THE ROAD. COLE WON'T GET HURT.

YEAH, NICK, I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT.

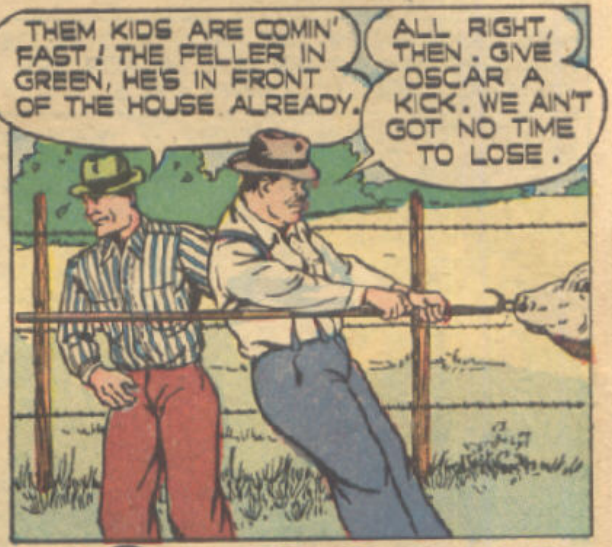
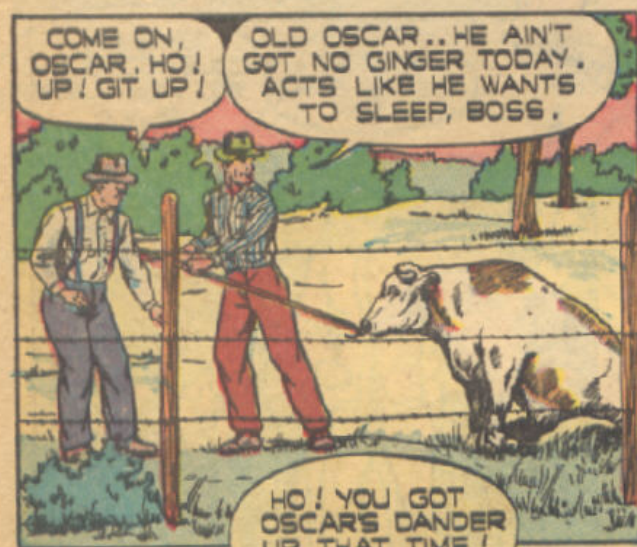
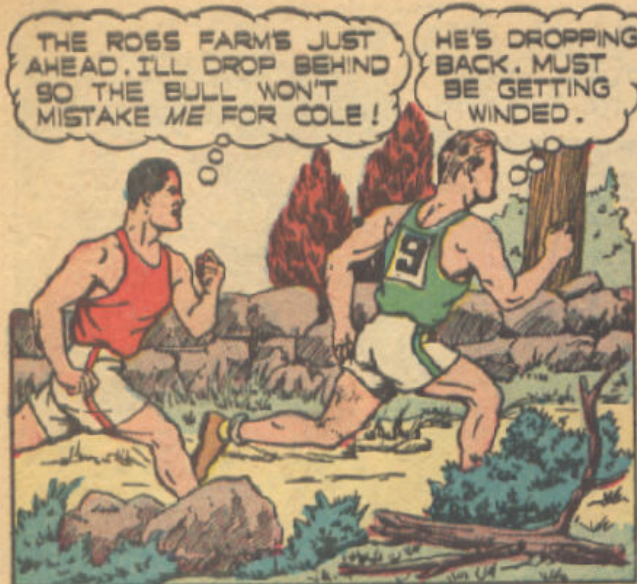


I'LL JUST STICK WITH THE CROWD AND SAVE MY BREATH UNTIL LATER WHEN VELIE STARTS TO TAKE THE LEAD.

AFTER A FEW MILES, DICK AND WILL BEGIN TO PULL AWAY FROM THE PACK.

COLE... HE'S STICKING WITH ME. THAT'S FINE... UNTIL WE MEET THAT BULL!





QUESTION No. 2. Of what lovable fictional character does Oscar remind you?

THE BULL SMASHES THROUGH THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE AND, MADDENED BY THE PAIN OF THE BARBS RIPPING HIS HIDE, IS FURTHER ENRAGED AT THE SIGHT OF VELIE'S CRIMSON SHIRT.



HEY, WILL! WATCH OUT FOR THAT BULL! IT'S ON THE WARPATH!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'! HEAVE SOME ROCKS AT HIM, COLE!

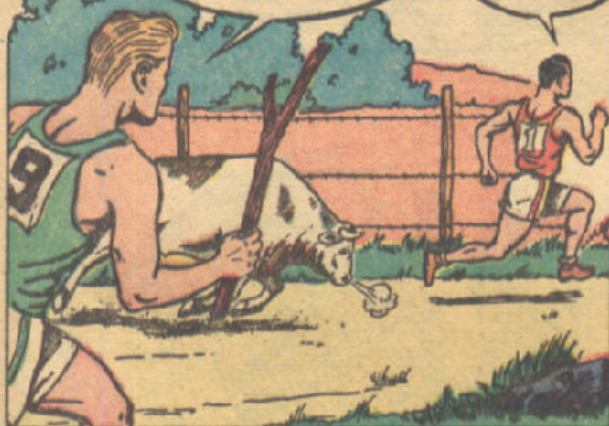
SAY, BOSS! WHAT'S GOT INTO OSCAR?



LOOKS LIKE HE'S FORGOT ALL THE TRAININ' I EVER GIVE HIM! HO, OSCAR! COME BACK HERE!

KEEP RUNNING, WILL! I'LL TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF WITH THIS STICK!

HELP, DICK! ..HELP!



WILL! DODGE HIM! TRY TO DODGE HIM!

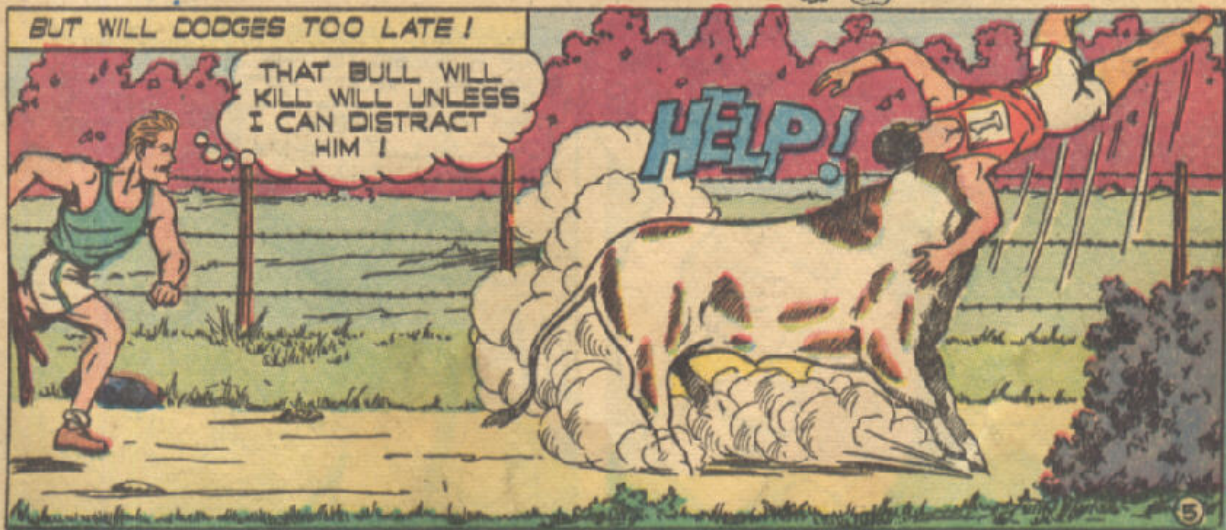
I'LL TRY.. BUT HE.. HE'S ALMOST ON TOP OF ME!



BUT WILL DODGES TOO LATE!

THAT BULL WILL KILL WILL UNLESS I CAN DISTRACT HIM!

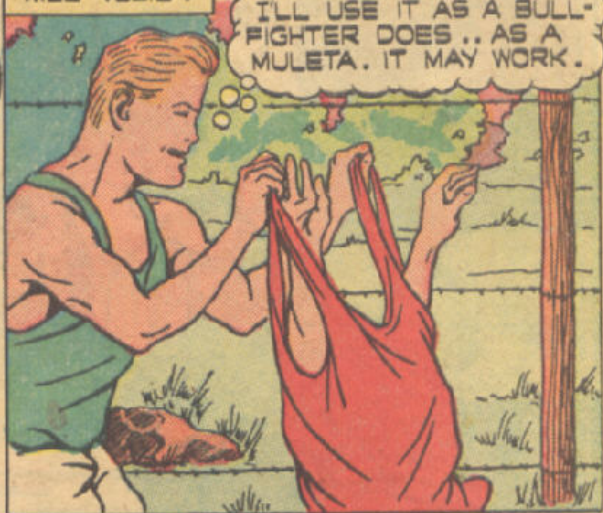
HELP!



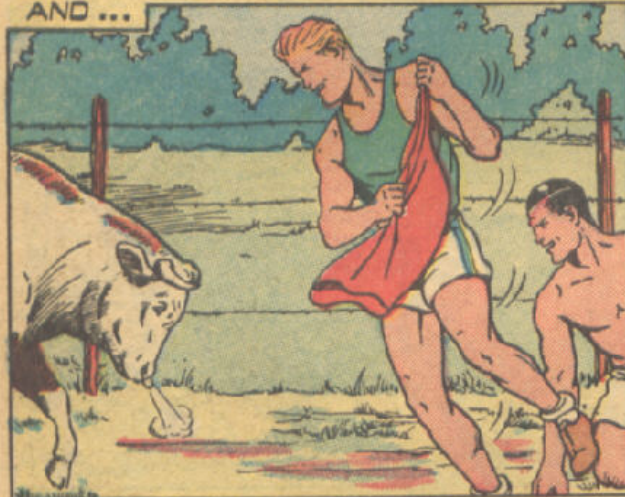
AS THE BULL BACKS OFF FOR ANOTHER CHARGE, DICK RACES AROUND HIM.



FRANTICALLY, DICK RIPS THE SHIRT FROM WILL VELIE.

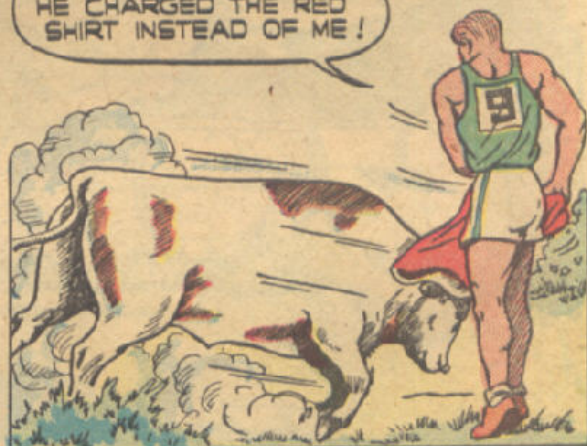


DICK WHEELS AROUND JUST IN TIME... AND...



THE ENRAGED BEAST CHARGES THE CRIMSON SHIRT.

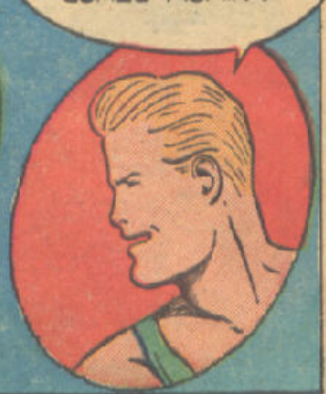
WHEW! IT WORKED! HE CHARGED THE RED SHIRT INSTEAD OF ME!



DICK! I... I CAN'T STAND UP! MY LEFT LEG... IT'S NUMB!



YELL FOR HELP, WILL. I'LL KEEP THE BULL GOING AS LONG AS I CAN! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, FARMER ROSS AND LINK HAVE HURRIED TO THE BARN TO GET ROPE AND A PITCHFORK.

THEM KIDS! THEIR SCHOOLS'LL BE ON MY NECK IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO EM!

THERE'LL BE TWO FUNERALS IF WE DON'T GET THERE QUICK!



Q UESTION No. 2. In which opera is the hero a bullfighter: La Traviata, Carmen, Don Giovanni?

THE BULL WHEELS AGAIN TO CHARGE DICK.

WATCH IT, DICK! THAT STONE! DON'T STUMBLE!

OH...OH! WHY DID I EVER LET NICK AND BRAD PULL THIS STUNT!

HEY! I SLIPPED!

AGAIN DICK IS SAVED BY THE CRIMSON SHIRT, WHICH IS TORN FROM HIS HAND AS THE BULL CHARGES BY HIM.

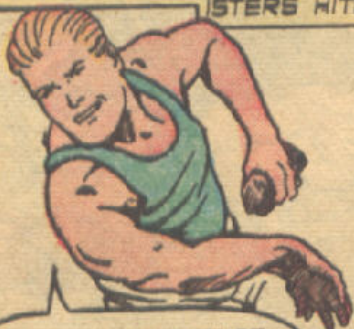
WHEW! HE DIDN'T GET ME THAT TIME... JUST THE SHIRT. BUT I... UH... UCK-HO! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!

DICK'S MAKING FOR THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIELD. HE'LL HAVE TO JUMP IT! OH, GOSH, I HOPE HE CAN MAKE IT!

ATTABOY, DICK! YOU MADE IT! YOU'RE OKAY NOW!

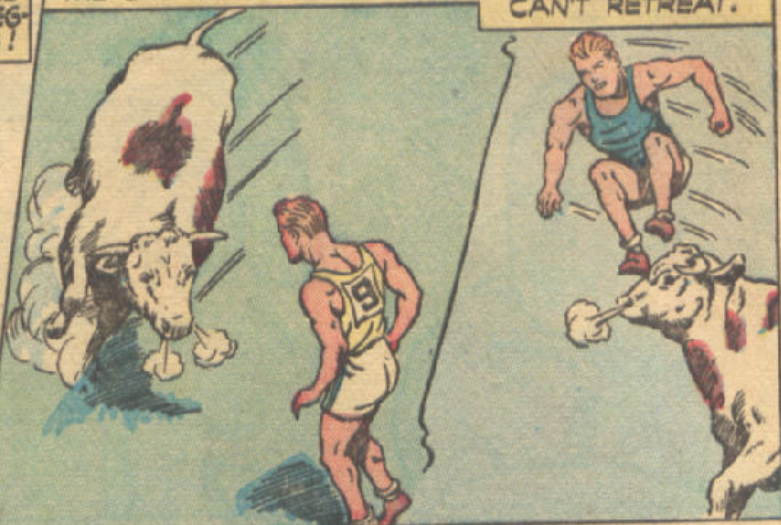
GREAT GRIEF! HE'S GOING BACK AFTER WILL! AND WILL CAN'T WALK! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BULL CHARGE ME AGAIN! HO, BULL, HO! HERE!

SEIZING SOME ROCKS, DICK HURLS THEM AFTER THE BULL AND REGISTER HITS!



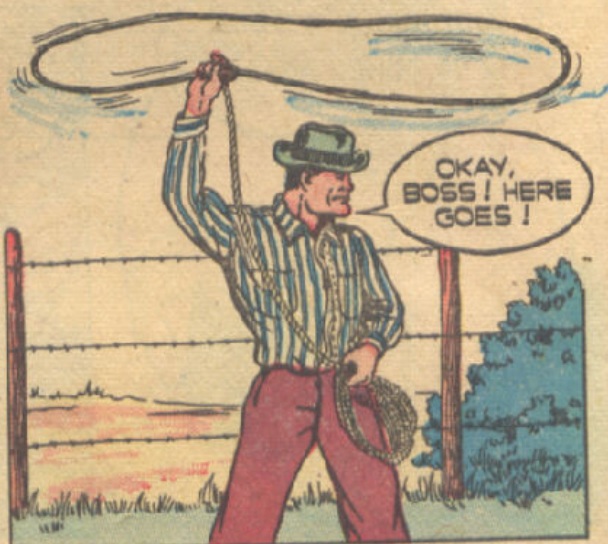
CRAWL AWAY FAST, WILL! IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE! HURRY! MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE WHILE HE'S AFTER ME! HERE HE COMES!

THE SNORTING ANIMAL CHARGES SO FAST, DICK CAN'T RETREAT.

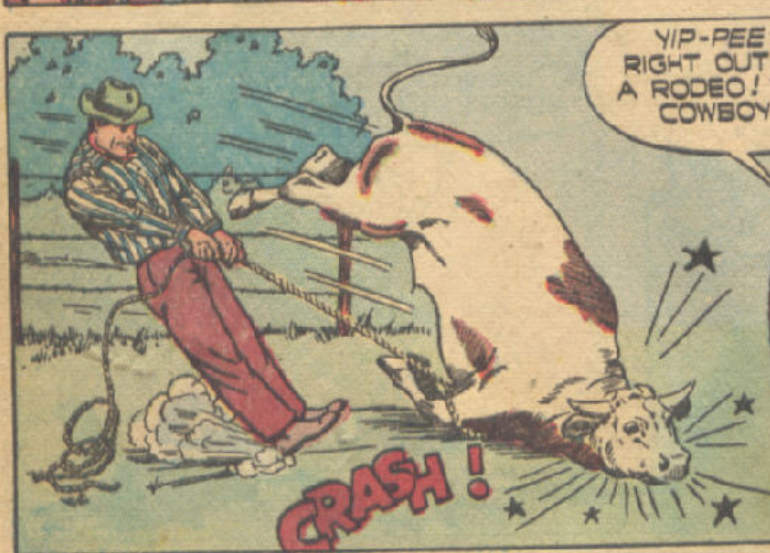


LOOK AT THE KID! HE JUMPED RIGHT OVER THAT CRAZY BULL! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW!

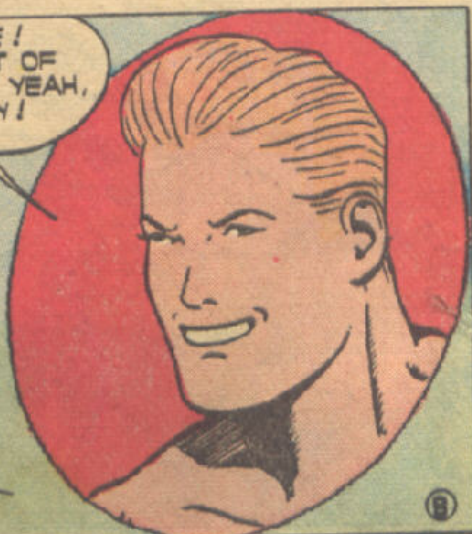
OSCAR'S RIGHT ON HIS HEELS! HERE THEY COME... BUT FAST! ROPE HIM, LINK... ROPE HIM!



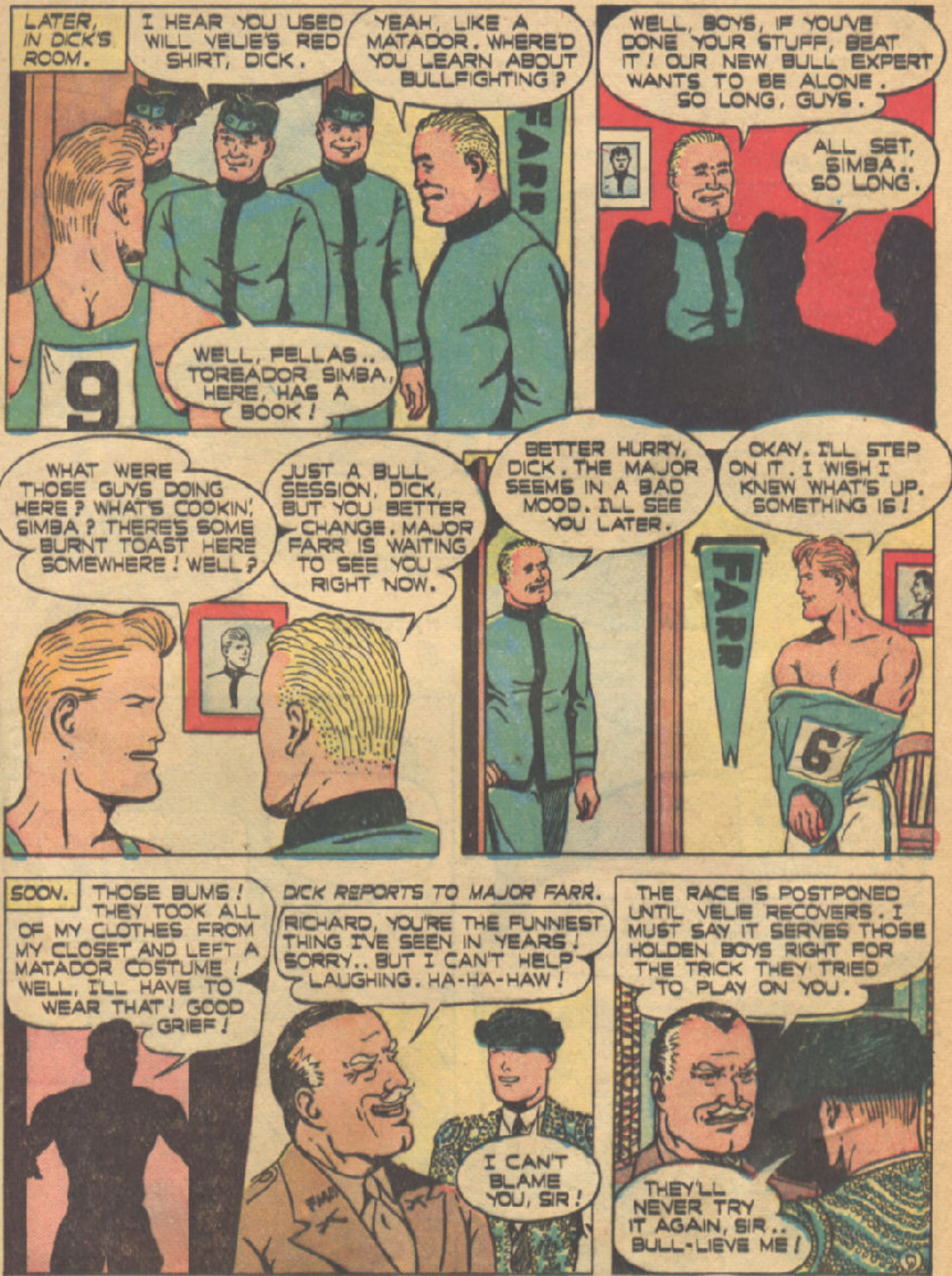
OKAY, BOSS! HERE GOES!



YIP-PEE! RIGHT OUT OF A RODEO! YEAH, COWBOY!



QUESTION No. 4. How high can a man jump to clear an obstacle like Oscar?



START COLLECTING THESE NIFTY BIRD PICTURES *NOW!*

WANT TO SWAP?

I'LL GIVE YOU
A ROBIN FOR A
WOODPECKER!



Be the first on your street to start collecting these prizes—beautiful, colorful, 2 3/4 x 4 1/4 inch bird pictures by a famous American illustrator. Twenty-four in all—one in every package of Kellogg's Krumbles! No waiting... nothing to mail in. Just open the box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize!

Kellogg's Krumbles taste so crisp and malty you'll want to eat it for breakfast, lunch, and supper. Mothers like it too because it's made from nutritious whole wheat. Ask for a box today!



P.S. If you want an album to paste your pictures in, see side panel of Krumbles package for instructions on how to get one.



Kellogg's KRUMBLES—a picture in every package

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MILT HAMMER

Krisko and Jasper

SOMETHING ALWAYS GOES WRONG WHEN THE KRISKO AND JASPER MOVING COMPANY TAKES A DAY OFF FROM WORK! THE BOYS NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN THEIR LIVES AS THEY DO TODAY -- TRYING TO FIND AN EXIT FROM THE FAMOUS NATURAL WONDER OF BONEHEAD COUNTY,

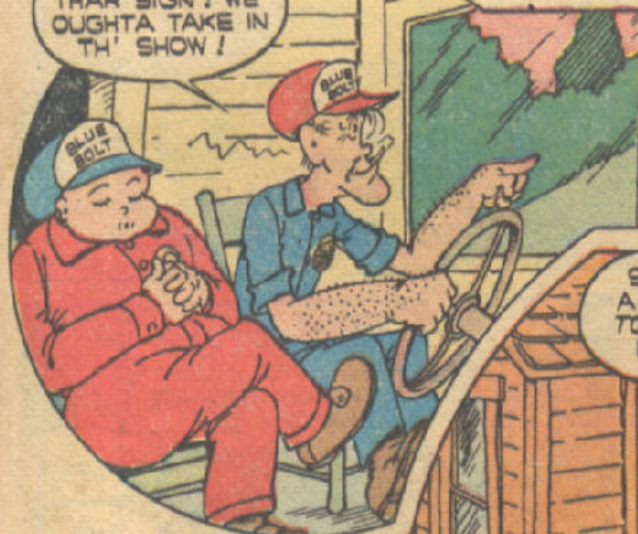
The "DRIPPIE CAVERNS"!

Art by
JACK A. WARREN.



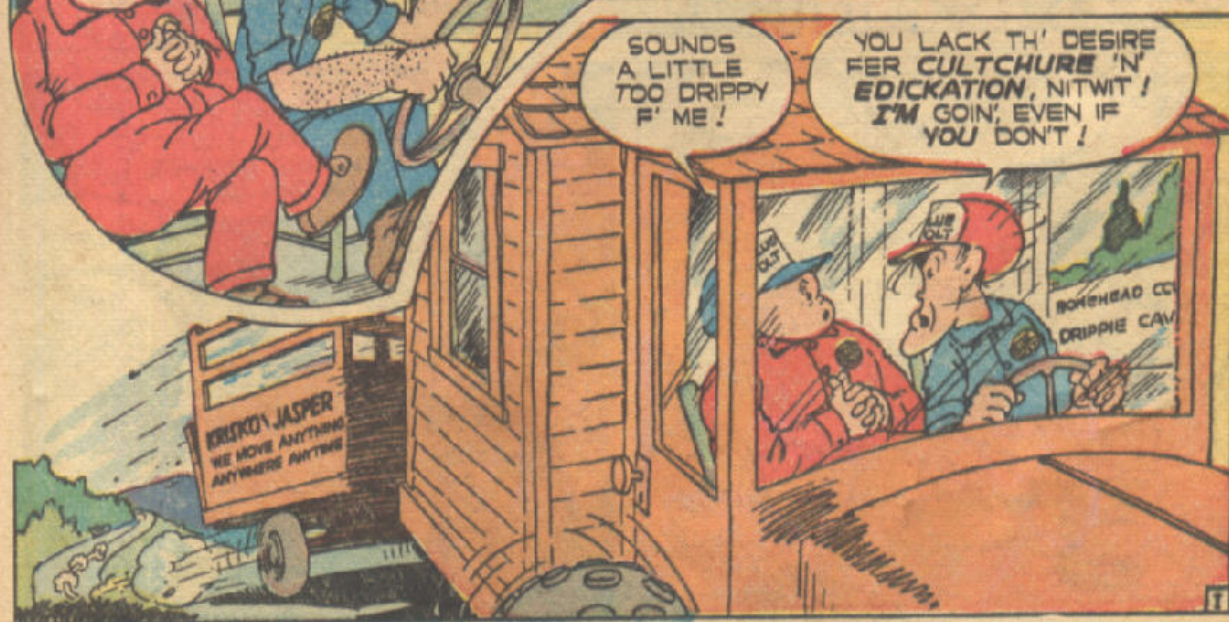
LOOKIT THET THAR SIGN! WE OUGHTA TAKE IN TH' SHOW!

ENTERING BONEHEAD COUNTY!
DON'T MISS OUR GREAT ATTRACTION!
The "DRIPPIE CAVERNS"
THRILLING - EDUCATIONAL - STIMULATING

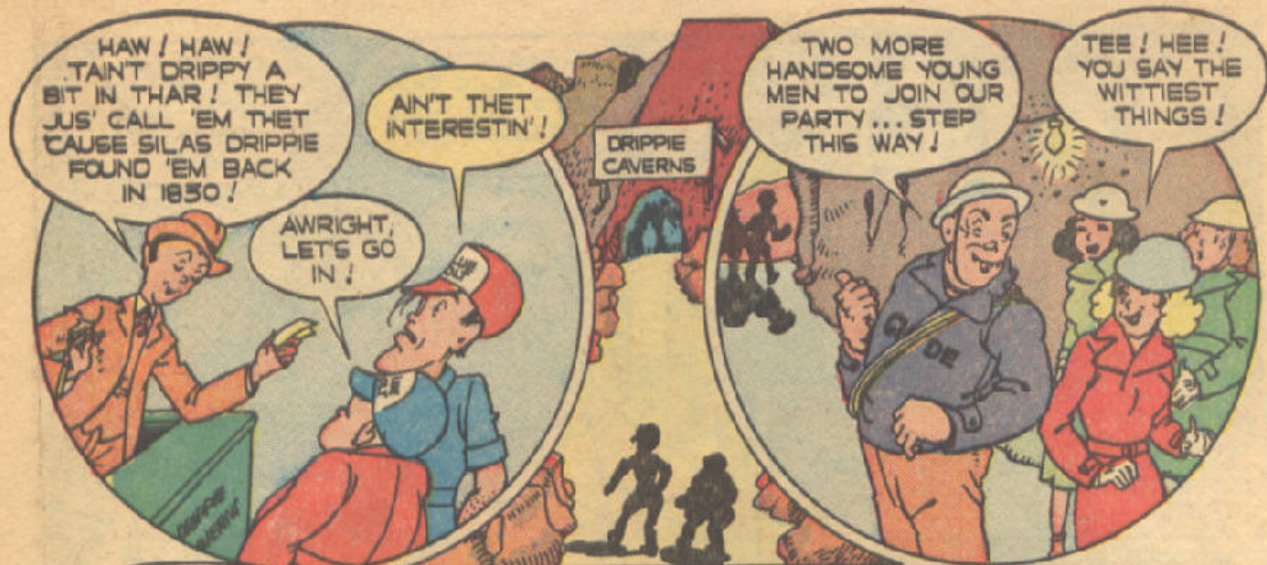


SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO DRIPPIE F' ME!

YOU LACK TH' DESIRE FER CULTCHURE 'N' EDICKATION, NITWIT! I'M GOIN' EVEN IF YOU DON'T!

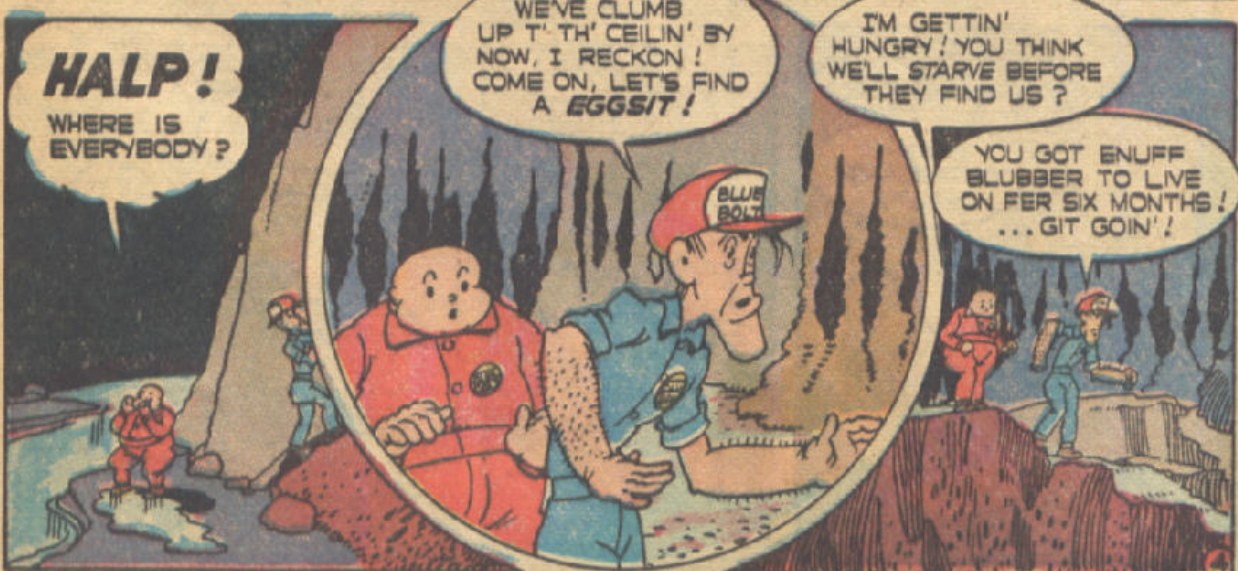
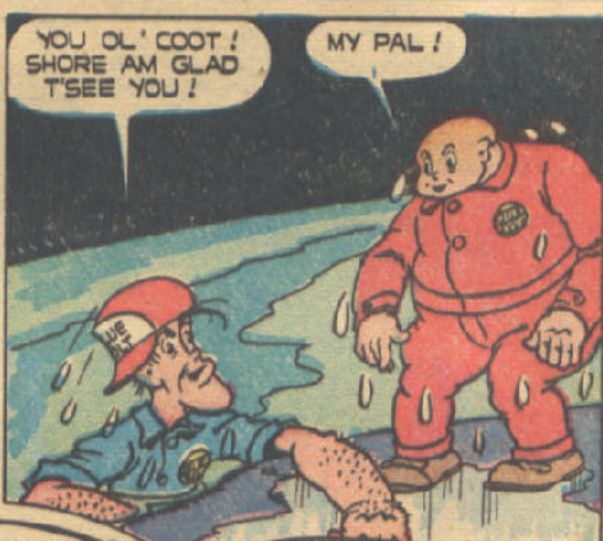
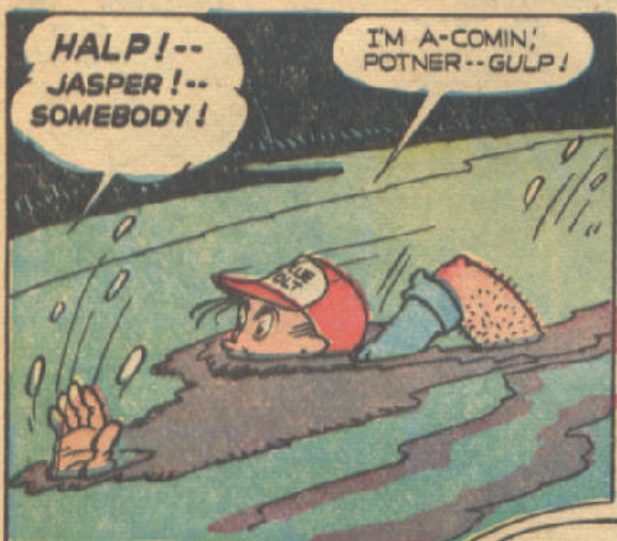
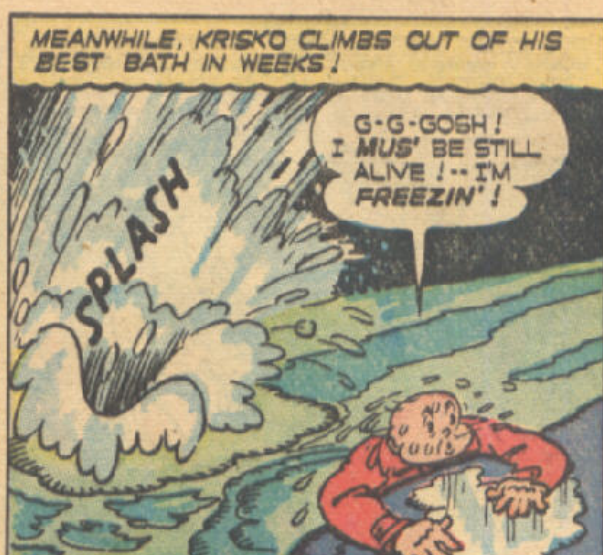
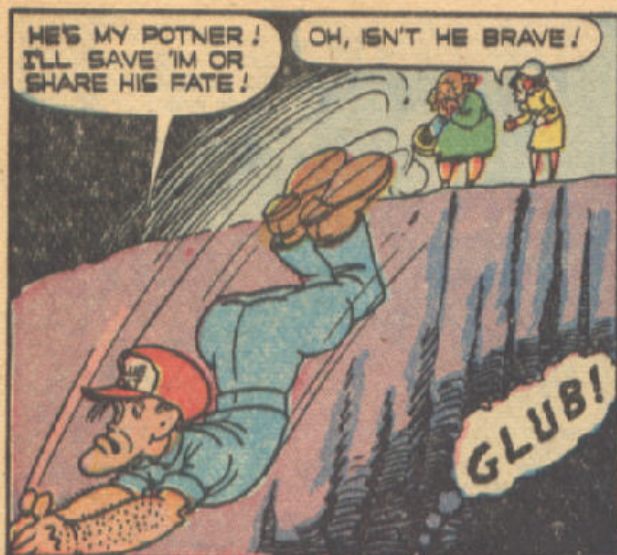


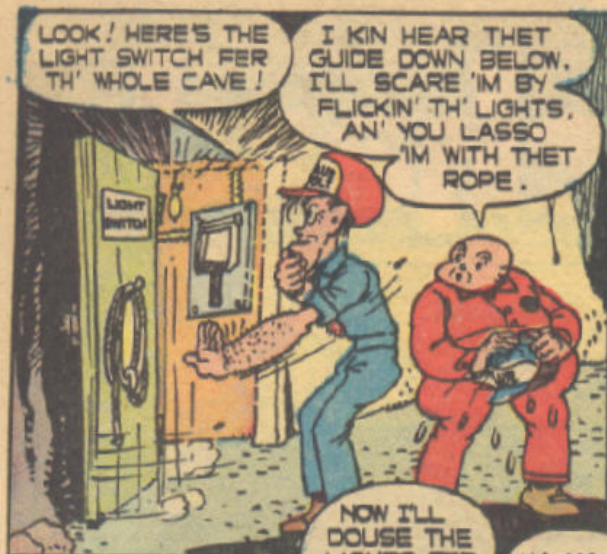
BLUE BOLT



Q UESTION
No. 5. What caves, situated in New Mexico, are reputedly the world's largest?







Rick Richards

TWO KILLER BULLS, A TELEVISION CAMERA, A COMEDIAN, A FROG, AND A PIECE OF BUBBLE GUM COMBINE TO GIVE RICK RICHARDS ONE OF HIS MOST STARTLING ADVENTURES!



AT THE GBS TELEVISION STUDIOS IN THE RICHARDS BUILDING...

SHAKE IT UP, JACKSON! I WANNA GIVE OUT WITH MY AUDITION.. IT'LL KILL YA!

PATIENCE, MR. PUNNER! THIS NEW TELEVISION CAMERA IS STILL UN-TESTED!

THERE! IF ITS TELECASTING SATISFIES MR. RICHARDS NOW, HE'LL PATENT IT! A PORTABLE CAMERA WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE INDUSTRY!

SO WILL MY ACT.. IT'S SENSATIONAL!

SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE WANNA MAKE PITCHERS, TOO!



Q UESTION No. 7. Try to find the operetta by a famous pair of composers on this page.



YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M FUNNER, THE FUNNER! THIS AUDITION MEANS A CONTRACT TO ME!

HA! I ALWAYS WANTED A CHANCE TO SHUT UP A COMEDIAN!

SEE IF THIS GAG MAKES YOU LAUGH!

YOU'RE RUINING MY ONLY CHANCE TO PROVE I'M FUNNY!

THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION!



SOON...

MR. RICHARDS IS WAITING FOR THE TELECAST...
EEEEK!



THANKS FOR UNRAVELING ME, MISS! BUT WAIT'LL RICHARDS HEARS MY AUDITION DIDN'T GO THROUGH!



HAVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT?

MR. RICHARDS CAN'T BE DISTURBED!

STEP ASIDE, UNDERLINGS!

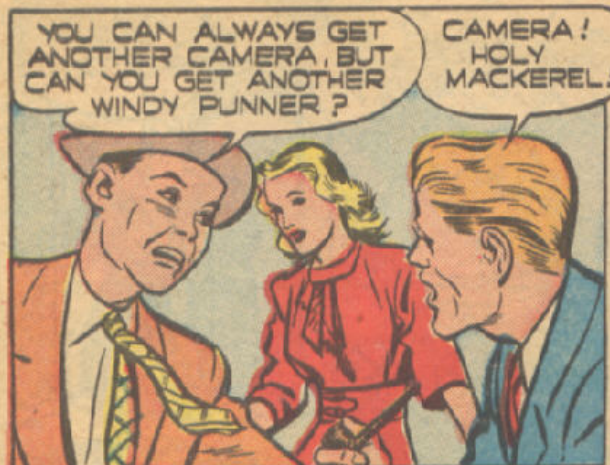
STOP!



RICK! MY AUDITION... SOME CROOKS RUINED IT... YOU GOTTA GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

CROOKS? WHAT HAPPENED?

STOP!



YOU CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER CAMERA, BUT CAN YOU GET ANOTHER WINDY PUNNER?

CAMERA! HOLY MACKEREL!

THAT CAMERA IS THE BASIS FOR A GREAT INDUSTRY! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK!

I'LL HELP YOU, PAL... IF YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER AUDITION!



LET'S GO! WE'LL NEVER FIND IT HERE!

RELAX, WINDY! WE MAY FIND IT THROUGH TELEVISION!

I DON'T GET IT!



WHEN THE CROOKS TURN ON THE CAMERA, THE RESULTS WILL BE FLASHED HERE ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN!



LOOK! SOMETHIN'S COMIN' ON!

GOOD! I HAVE TO GET THAT CAMERA BACK IN A HURRY OR IT WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD!



THAT'S THE GUY WHO BROKE UP MY ACT!

GOOD WORK!

GREAT SCOTT! AND THAT'S TYRUS T. COONE!



HERE'S PAYMENT, WOLF! I'LL MAKE MILLIONS FROM THIS CAMERA!

THE RUTHLESS OLD MONEYBAGS! HE'S CROOKED AS A PRETZEL... AND DANGEROUS!



WHY THE TELEVISION ATTACHMENT?

THE POLICE OUGHT TO SEE THIS SHOW!



SOON, AT THE POLICE STATION...

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS?

WATCH, CHIEF.. YOU'LL SEE PROOF THAT TYRUS COONE STOLE MY CAMERA!



I SEE NOTHING, BUT NOTHING!

THE CROOKS MUST HAVE SHUT THE CAMERA OFF! NOW THEY'LL START ANALYZING IT!



I CAN'T ARREST COONE WITHOUT MORE PROOF!

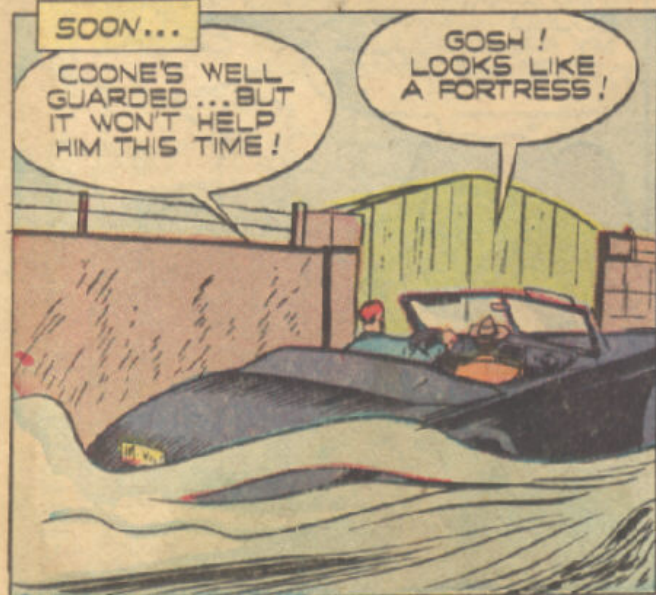
THEN IT'S UP TO ME! IF THEY DISCOVER MY SECRETS, I'LL BE LICKED! HAVEN'T APPLIED FOR PATENTS YET.



HEY, YOU LEFT YOUR PICTURE BOX HERE!



KEEP IT! I'M GOING TO BE MIGHTY BUSY!



SOON...

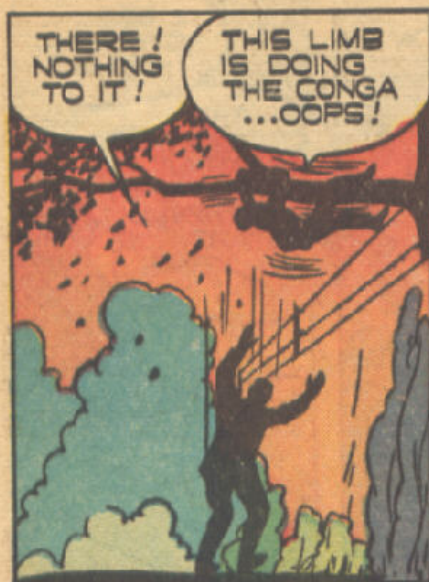
COONE'S WELL GUARDED... BUT IT WON'T HELP HIM THIS TIME!

GOSH! LOOKS LIKE A FORTRESS!



CAREFUL! DON'T TOUCH THE FENCE! IT'S ELECTRIFIED!

SHOCKING! I BETTER HAVE SOME BUBBLE GUM... GOOD FOR THE NERVES!



THERE!
NOTHING
TO IT!

THIS LIMB
IS DOING
THE CONGA
...OOPS!



YIPE!
HELP!

THE THINGS
I DO FOR AN
AUDITION!

WHAT'S
THAT?

WHO'S
THERE?

SHH! THE
GUARDS HEARD
YOU!

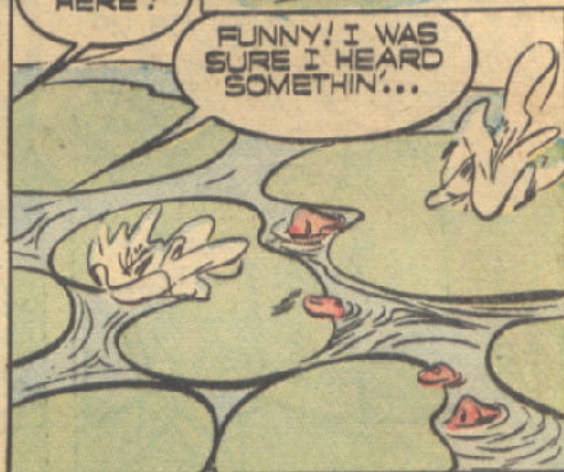


A YELL
CAME FROM
OVER THERE!

PLUG HIM ON
SIGHT! COONE'S
ORDERS!

QUICK!
SUBMERGE
IN THE
POOL!

NO ONE
HERE!

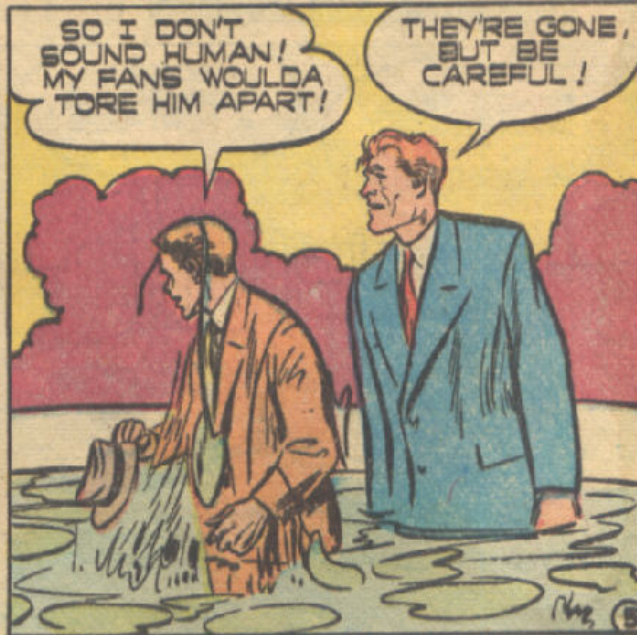


FUNNY! I WAS
SURE I HEARD
SOMETHIN'...



IT MUST HAVE
BEEN A DOG
BARKIN'!

YEAH! IT
DIDN'T SOUND
HUMAN!



SO I DON'T
SOUND HUMAN!
MY FANS WOULD
TORE HIM APART!

THEY'RE GONE,
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

WE'LL SURPRISE THEM AND ESCAPE WITH THE CAMERA BEFORE THEY RECOVER!

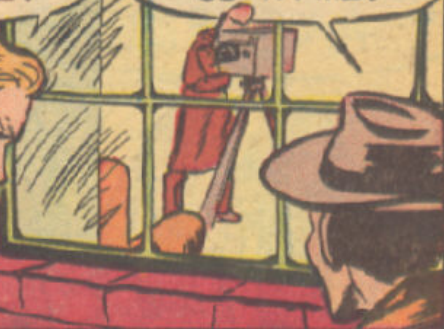


LET'S KEEP OUTTA THEM FROG PONDS! I AIN'T A MERMAN!

THERE IT IS! COME ON, AND KEEP QUIET THIS TIME!



NOT EVEN A MERMEN'S MURMUR OUTTA ME!



BUT A FROG, TRAPPED IN WINDY'S POCKET, CROAKS FOR ESCAPE!

BRI-I-KK-
-RICK-RICK!



THAT CAME FROM THE HOUSE!



SHH!

I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!



COME ALONG, PAL! COONE SEES ALL TRESPASSERS... BEFORE HE PUTS 'EM AWAY!

RICK RICHARDS HIMSELF! WE CAN'T MURDER HIM IN COLD BLOOD... TOO MANY FRIENDS! MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

LOOK, PAL... I'LL RUN ALONG NOW! ALL I WANT IS AN AUDITION!

POW!



MY PRIZE BULLS NEED EXERCISE! IF RICK RICHARDS PROWLs ON MY ESTATE AND FALLS INTO THE BULL PEN ...IT'S NOT MY FAULT!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT...I'LL TELL THE POLICE!

WHEN THE BULLS FINISH GORING YOU, TELL THE POLICE WHAT-EVER YOU CAN!

WAIT'LL MY FANS HEAR ABOUT THIS!



COME! I DISLIKE THE SIGHT OF BLOOD! YOU MAY "DISCOVER" THEIR BODIES LATER!

THAT RICHARDS ISN'T SO TOUGH!



HAVE ANOTHER STICK OF BUBBLE GUM, WINDY! KEEP NONCHALANT!

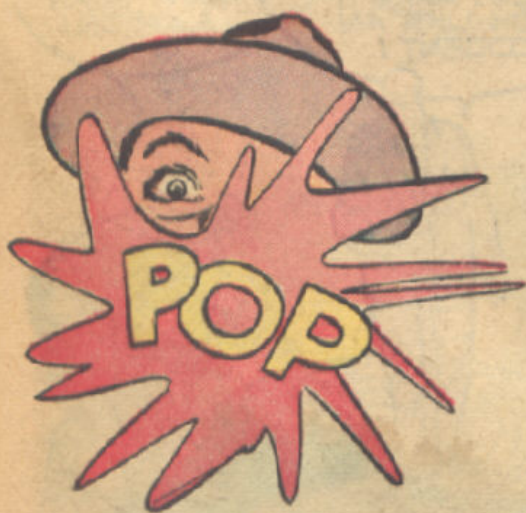


IN HIS NERVOUSNESS, WINDY BLOWS A GIANT BUBBLE!

WHEW! THESE BULLS LOOK NASTY!



LIKE ANY SUDDEN NOISE, THE CRACKLING POP OF THE BURSTING BUBBLE STIMULATES RICK'S ADRENAL GLAND TO A GREAT DEGREE, ENDOWING HIM WITH UNUSUAL STRENGTH!



QUESTION No. 10. In what country are bulls treated as sacred animals?



ONLY 60c **ELECTRIC MOTOR**
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ALMOST A GIFT Here's an offer to stamp collectors that's almost a gift. A set of 8 different Palestine Pictorial stamps showing Jerusalem, Rachel's Tomb, Mosque of Omar, etc. (printed in Arabic, Hebrew and English), 10 different Vatican City stamps showing St. Peter's Keys to Heaven, Arms of Pope Pius, Triple Crown, etc. (all of these stamps have been sold for 5c apiece), scarce Costa Rica Fish Triangle Stamp, fine Australia Kookaburra Bird (Laughing Jackass) Stamp, beautiful Australia Lyre Bird stamp, New large Norway stamp, all sent to approval applicants for only 10c.

W.M. PENN STAMP CO., Dept. 53, P. O. Box 303, Phila. 5, Pa.

SIX MAGAZINES

The editors of this magazine also produce five others. Here is the whole list:

TARGET COMICS
BLUE BOLT
4MOST
FRISKY FABLES
HUMDINGER
YOUNG KING COLE

Look 'em all over, and see which one suits **YOU** the best. Very young readers like **FRISKY FABLES**. Many grownups like the detective stories in **YOUNG KING COLE**. But some grownups enjoy **FRISKY FABLES** too! Which is your favorite?



The Premium Group
of Comics
(Advt.)

Young King Cole
DETECTIVE STORIES
FULL OF THRILLING
DETECTIVE STORIES
-AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

10¢

right from the HORSE'S MOUTH

by Mickey Klar Marks



IT shows you how a person or an animal can be misjudged. Now take Flip O'Conner, for instance, the lad from New York who spent his vacation here on the ranch last summer. He misjudged me. My name's Stampede and I'm a horse and a real good horse with sense.

A whole crew of young folks came out from the city, fellows and girls around your age, I should imagine, ready to go western in a big way. Diana, she's my boss's daughter and prettier than a week old filly, was standing near the corral when the bus pulled up in front of the ranch house. She was chewing a piece of grass, and I could see she was madder than a wet hen.

"City dudes," she muttered. "Same kind with new faces, boasting they can out-ride anyone, messing up the ranch. Gosh, Stampede," she patted my nose just the way I like it, "I wish we didn't run a dude ranch. Look at them." She pointed towards two boys who had just swung off the bus and were looking around.

Now I couldn't tell her that they looked nice, especially one of them. He was kind of tall and had thick brown hair and a nice grin,

and you could tell right off he was a right guy. Now the other—well, I don't want to get ahead of my story.

Mr. Peters, the boss, was greeting them. He sighted Diana and strolled towards her, the two boys in tow.

"Diana, meet Flip O'Conner and Jack Adams," he said, and then he walked off.

"Hi," the feller named Jack said.

"Hello, Jack and Flip." She smiled, especially at the latter.

"How do you do," Flip said. I knew that boy looked nice right off. Manners are important.

"Nice piece of horse-flesh," Jack said as he eyed me.

I shuddered. If there's anything I can't stand it's being referred to as horse-flesh. As if someone were looking at a piece of beef in a butcher shop.

"Can't wait to get into my riding clothes and go for a real run," Jack said to Diana. "I ride a lot home."

"You ride well?" Diana asked.

"Well," the boy blushed, with false modesty, (even I could see that,) "haven't had a horse too tough for me yet."

I made up my mind to change that at the first op-

portunity and then realized, of course, it was out of my hands. I was Diana's horse and no one else was allowed to ride me. Excuse me while I laugh, but they can't ride me for two reasons. One, because Diana wouldn't let them, and two, because I wouldn't either.

"Do you ride much?" Diana turned to Flip.

"I try. I'm just a beginner but I intend to change that out here if I can. I've always loved horses." His eyes strayed around the corral and you could see he meant what he said.

"Those things come naturally," Jack boasted. "Take me—I've a natural seat."

Mr. Peters came over just then and said, "By the way, we're having a welcome dance tonight and you'd better make your dates early."

"Diana, would you..."

By George, don't you think both those fellows didn't start asking Diana for the dance pronto.

"Line forms to your right," Diana laughed.

"Cut a rug with me." Jack high-pressured.

"How about tossing a coin?" Flip suggested.

"I asked her first!"

"No, you didn't," Diana corrected. "You both asked together. Now let me see."

I knew she didn't have to think. I could see right off, Flip was the one she wanted to date. But she was hostess and had to play fair. "I'll tell you what. I'll pick a horse, and the one who rides him around the corral twice gets to take me to the dance."

Now there's something about mutual understanding. I knew I was going to be that horse and I knew Diana knew I'd know what to do.

Jack laughed victoriously. After all, he was supposed to be the expert rider. "That lets you out, brother," he said to Flip. "Better luck next time."

Flip looked down at the mouth. "When do we ride and who?"

"After lunch," Diana said, "and you'll ride Stampede."

"Which mule is that?" Jack said, and I chalked another black mark against him.

I knew Diana was getting ready to point me out, so I went into my act. Let me tell you, there's nothing about bucking, arching, biting and rolling I don't know. When I looked up I could see that Jack had lost a good deal of his confidence, but Flip, although he looked scared, was still game.

"Th-that horse?" Jack stuttered.

"Best horse on the place," Diana said. "Why worry, Jack? You're a good rider."

"Yeah, sure," he gulped.

Diana started off with Jack beside her. Flip waited by the fence, looking at me.

"You're sure a honey, Stampede," he said. "Wish I could ride you. Maybe I

ought to put glue on my pants." He laughed ruefully. "But then Diana wants to go with Jack anyway—he's hep, otherwise she would have chosen a milder animal for us to ride."

What could I say? I wanted to reassure him, but of course none of you people understand horse talk.

Later, Diana, Jack, and Flip came down to the corral.

Diana came in first with the saddle, murmuring, "Easy boy, easy boy." I acted pettish. I snorted and tossed my head and pranced around a little for effect, but I let her saddle me easy enough. Then she told Jack to come in.

Jack came. I could see he was green and his smile was sickly. Boy, I fixed that bag of wind when he tried to mount me. Every time he put his foot in the stirrup, I skittered away. He was jittery as a jitterbug when finally I permitted him on my back.

Then what do you think he says to me? "Giddap!" To me, a thoroughbred. I giddapped all right. I took him around that ring just once, faster than greased lightning and doing a special rhumba of my own. Then I twisted, and tossed him as neatly as a chef tosses a green salad. The "plunk" as he landed on the hard ground echoed against the hills.

Diana was ready to burst but she didn't dare show it.

"I thought you said you could ride?" she said as she ran to help him to his feet.

"That horse isn't even

broken yet," he shouted angrily.

"He happens to be perfectly trained," Diana replied coldly. "I'm afraid you'll need some lessons while you're here. Come on, Flip, you're next."

Flip was the gamest kid I ever saw. I knew he thought he was going to be dumped, but he walked up to me as calm as you please and put his foot in one stirrup, but I stood stock-still, and he couldn't have been more surprised when he found himself on my back.

"Thanks, pal," he said. "All I ask, boy, is—toss me easy."

He pulled on my reins gently and, like the well-mannered horse I am (when not provoked), I trotted easily round that corral like a wooden horse on a merry-go-round.

Diana winked at me, looked up at Flip and said, "Well, I'm your date."

"Hey, you were holding out!" Jack shouted to Flip, as he stood near the fence. "You knew how to ride all the time."

"Not any better than you," Diana said.

"Well, maybe I did kind of boast," Jack admitted.

* * *

Well, that was a year ago. Flip really did think I was wild at first but then he learned better. He's coming back again this year and Diana is looking forward to seeing him. They've been writing to one another all year and, who knows, maybe in a couple of years—but that would be another story.

THE END

BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



QUESTION No. 12. Who exercised an hypnotic influence on the Czarina of Russia?



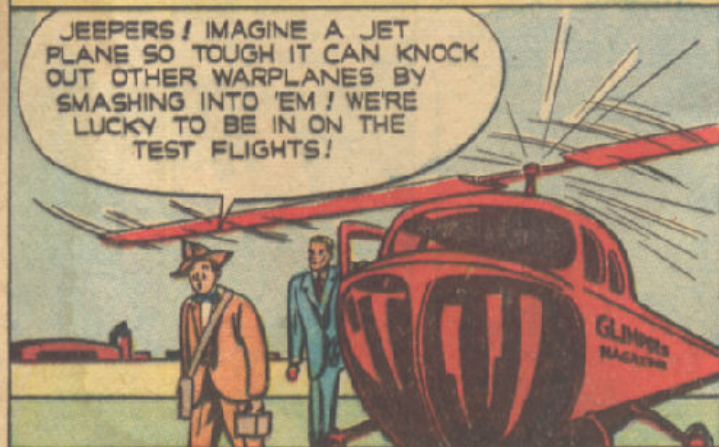


BLUE BOLT

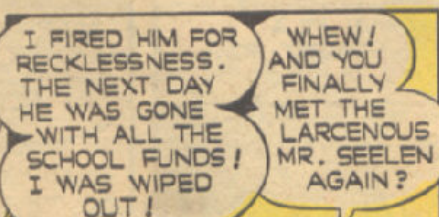
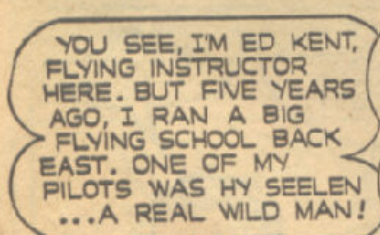
THE AMERICAN

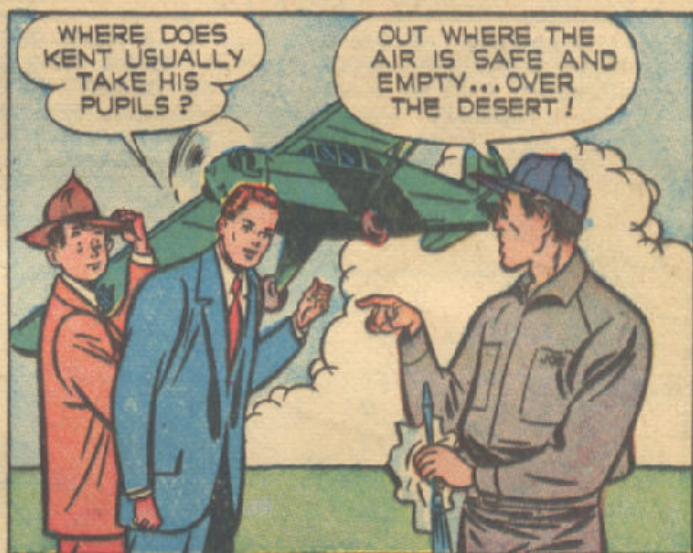


BBLUE BOLT AND SNAP DOODLE ARRIVE AT A WESTERN AIRPORT ON A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR GLIMPSES, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE.



BLUE BOLT

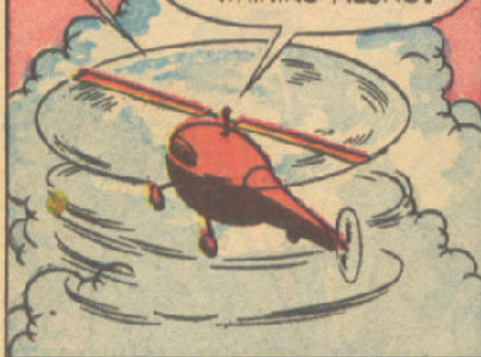




SOON, OVER THE DESERT...

I DON'T
GET IT,
BOLT!

JUST WAIT! WE'LL
PARK IN THIS CLOUD,
UNSEEN, UNTIL THAT
JET PLANE COMES
WHINING ALONG!



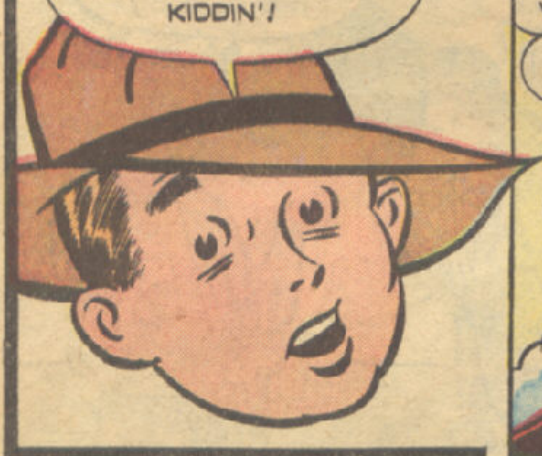
AFTER ALL,
BOLT, WE'RE HERE
TO GET PICTURES
OF THE JET
PLANE TEST, NOT
TO PLAY HIDE-
AND-SEEK IN
THE CLOUDS!

I'M AFRAID
THE JET
RAMMER
MAY BE
SET FOR
REAL ACTION!
LISTEN! IT'S
COMING!

THAT'S OUR
CUE TO DROP
OUT IN THE
OPEN!



ULP! WOW! SEELEN
IS HEADIN' FOR KENT'S
PLANE! AND HE AIN'T
KIDDIN'!



A NEAT SETUP!
OVER THIS EMPTY
DESERT NOBODY
WILL SEE ME
SMASH INTO KENT'S
PLANE! I'LL RAM
IT TO BITS!



SUDDENLY, SEELEN'S RADIO
SPUTTERS A MESSAGE!

THEY'LL THINK
HE CRASHED
ACCIDENTALLY! NO
WITNESSES! NO
EVIDENCE!.. AND
NO MORE KENT
TO THREATEN ME
WITH JAIL!

HELLO, SEELEN,
YOU FLYIN' FOOL!
BETTER PLAY THE
GAME STRAIGHT!
WE GOT A CAMERA
WITH AWFUL GOOD
EYESIGHT!

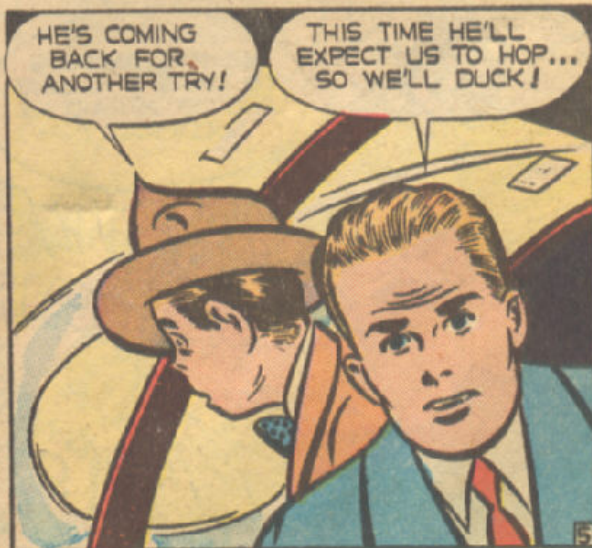
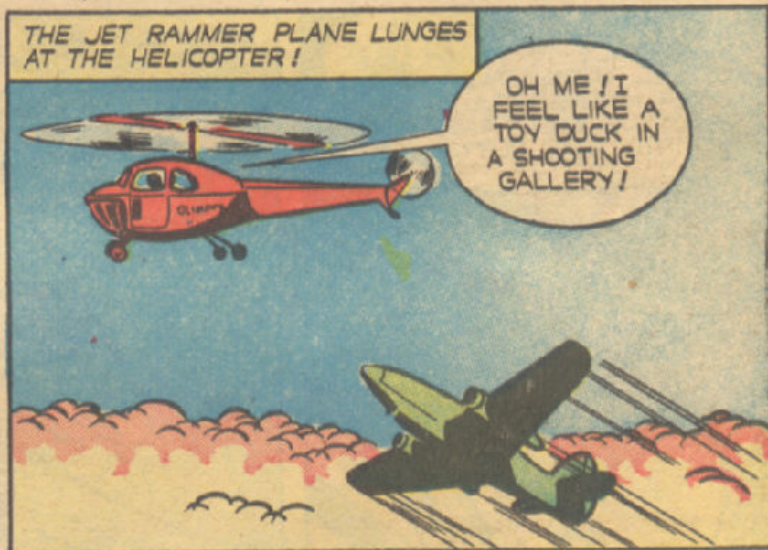
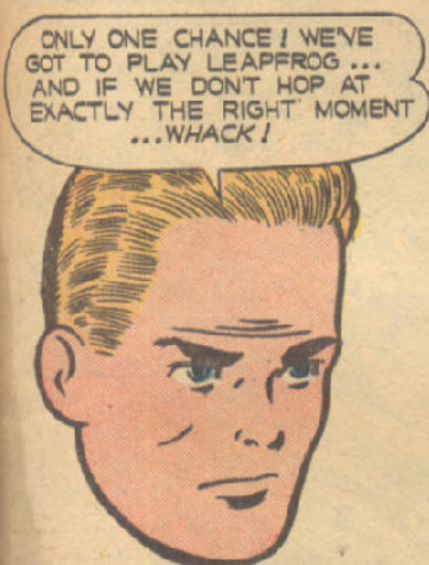
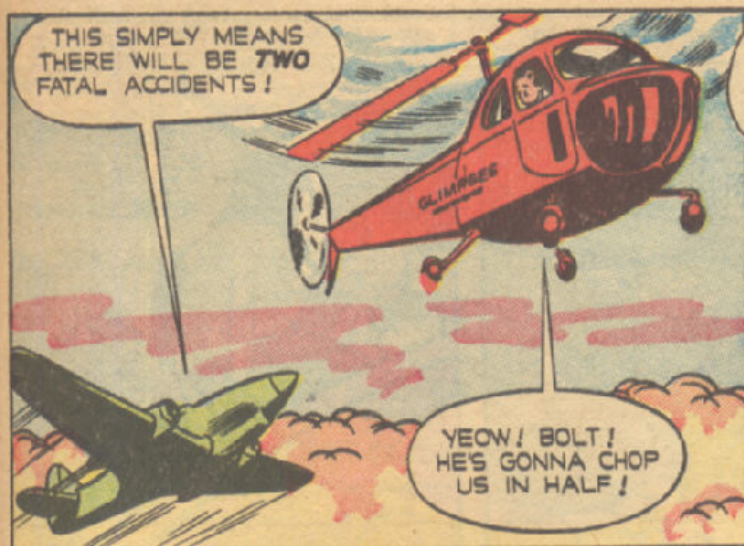


HEAD
FOR HOME,
SON!

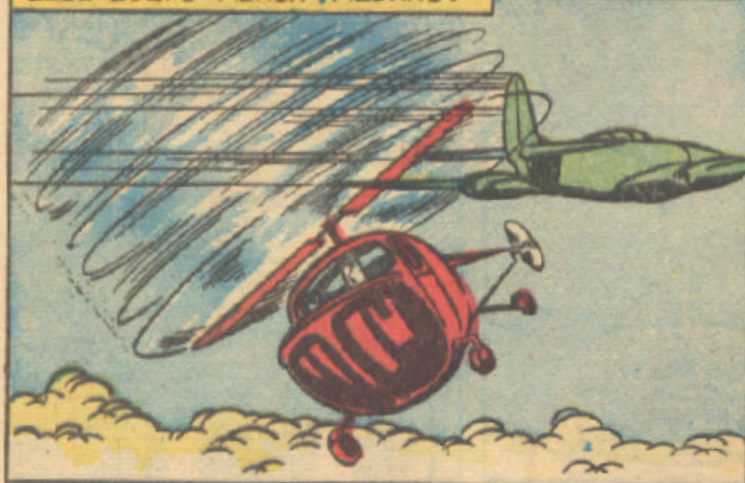
HUH! I'M
NOT STOPPING
NOW!



QUESTION No. 16. What two words in picture 7 rhyme when spelled backwards?



AGAIN, SEELEN'S MURDEROUS LUNGE IS FOILED BY BLUE BOLT'S ADROIT PILOTING!



WE CAN'T KEEP IT UP! HE'S BOUND TO NAIL US SOONER OR LATER!

KENT SAID SEELEN WAS A RECKLESS FLIER. WE'VE GOT TO PLAY ON THAT RECKLESSNESS!



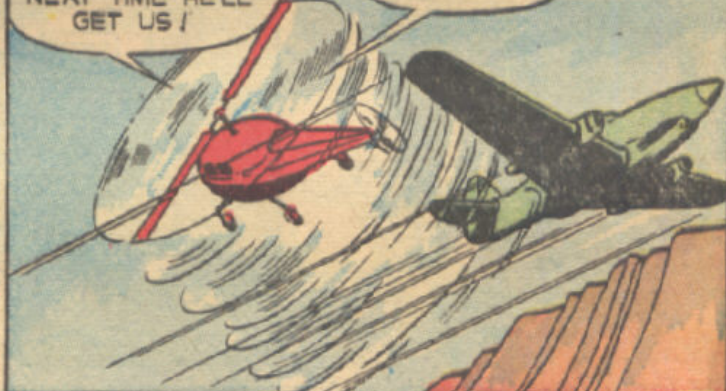
HE'S SO MAD, HE'LL TAKE ANY CHANCE TO SMASH US! BUT I'LL WORK LOWER AND LOWER, HOPING HE'LL OVERSHOOT US AND CRASH INTO THAT BUTTE!



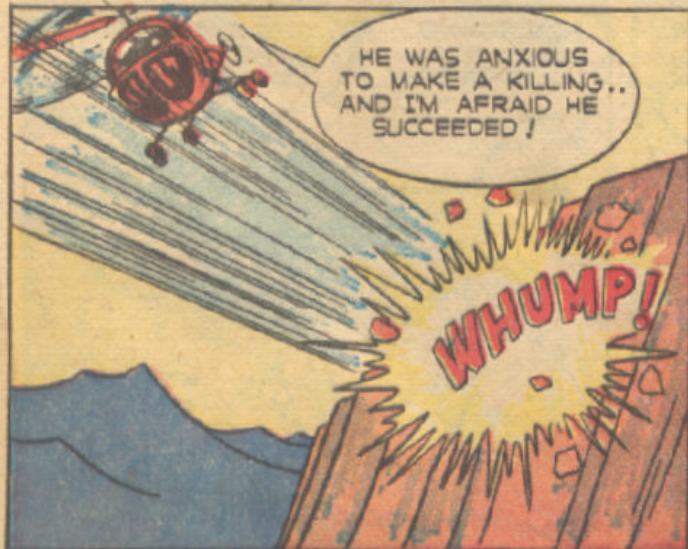
SKILLFULLY, BLUE BOLT LURES THE KILLER PLANE LOWER AND LOWER!

YEOW! HE'S GETTING CLOSER! NEXT TIME HE'LL GET US!

THERE WON'T BE ANY NEXT TIME, SNAP!



HE WAS ANXIOUS TO MAKE A KILLING.. AND I'M AFRAID HE SUCCEEDED!



LATER...

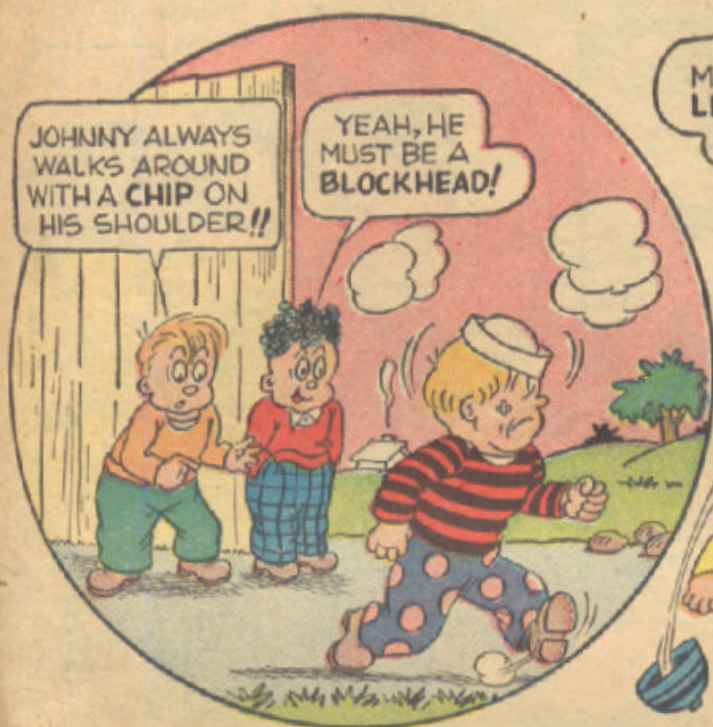
YOUR BEAUTIFUL FLYING SAVED US ALL, BLUE BOLT!

YES...IT TOOK A BEAUT TO SAVE US...OR SHOULD I SAY BUTTE?



BLUE BOLT

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



© BY
MIL HAMMER

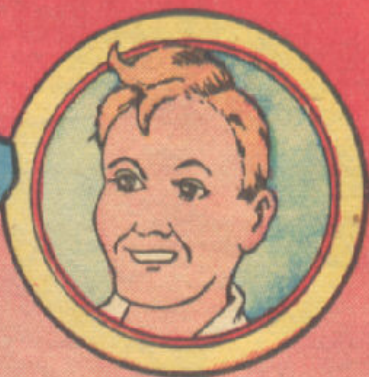
BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



by
MILT HAMMER

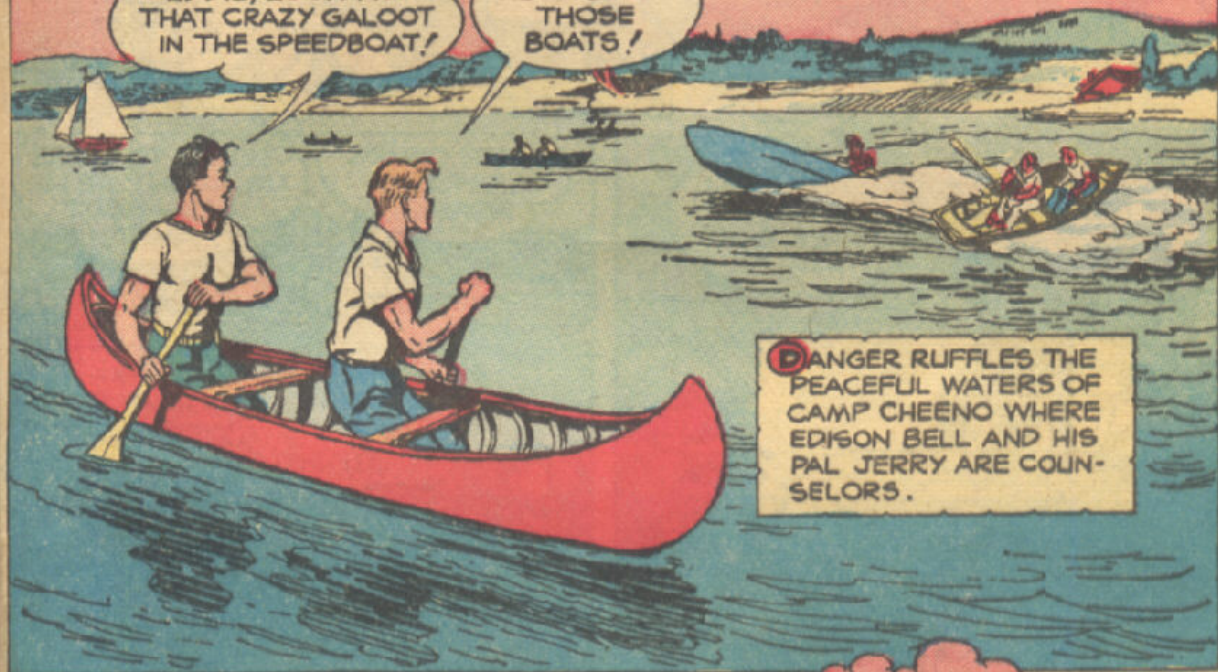
BLUE BOLT

Edison Bell



EDDIE, LOOK AT THAT CRAZY GALOOT IN THE SPEEDBOAT!

HE'LL SWAMP THOSE BOATS!



DANGER RUFFLES THE PEACEFUL WATERS OF CAMP CHEENO WHERE EDISON BELL AND HIS PAL JERRY ARE COUNSELORS.



LOOK, HE'S COMING THIS WAY AGAIN. HE'LL RAM US!

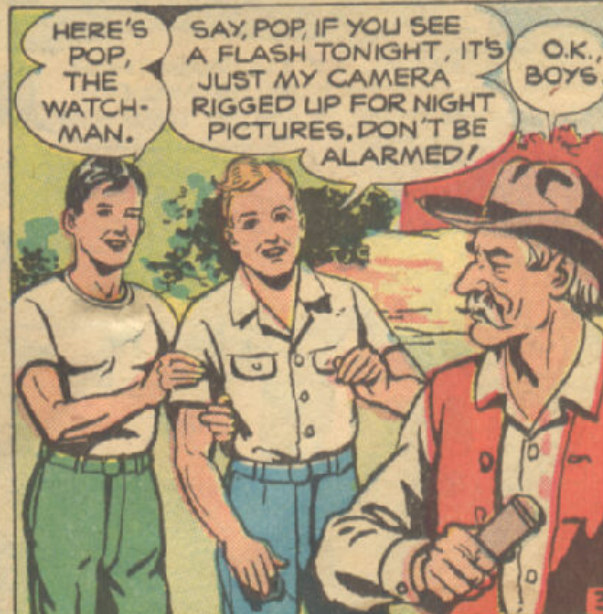
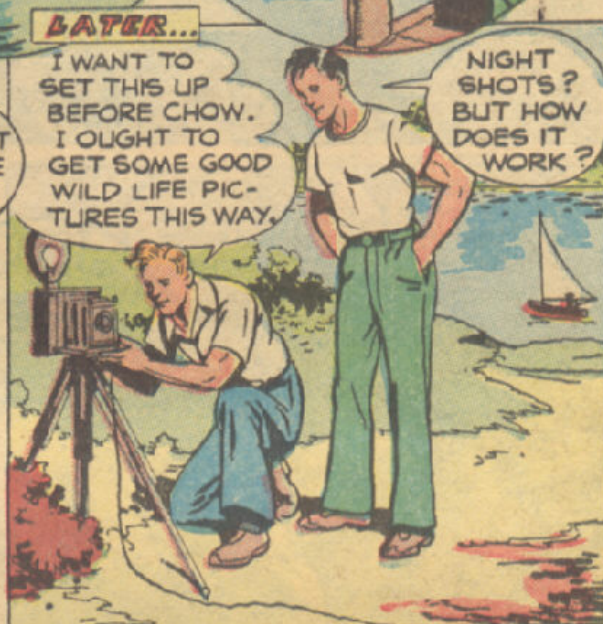
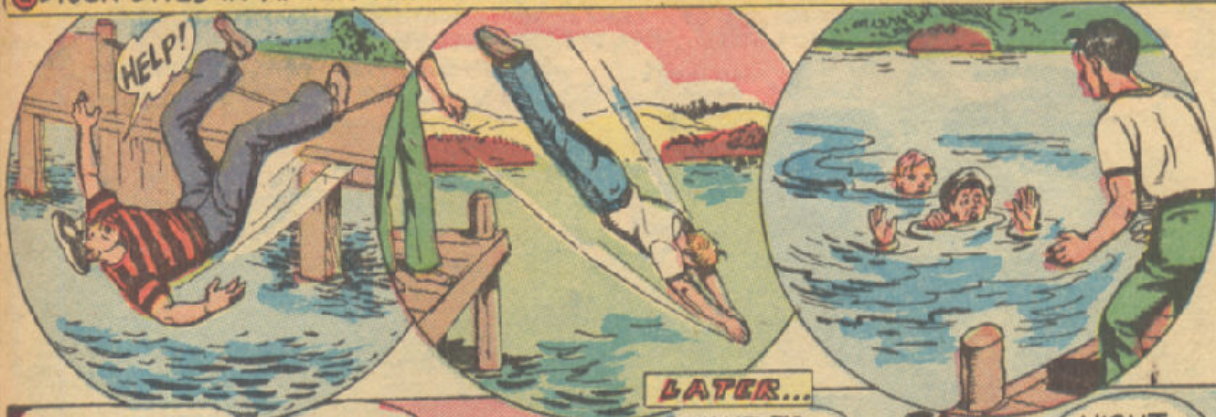
STEADY, JERRY.

BLUE BOLT

INSTON PERRY

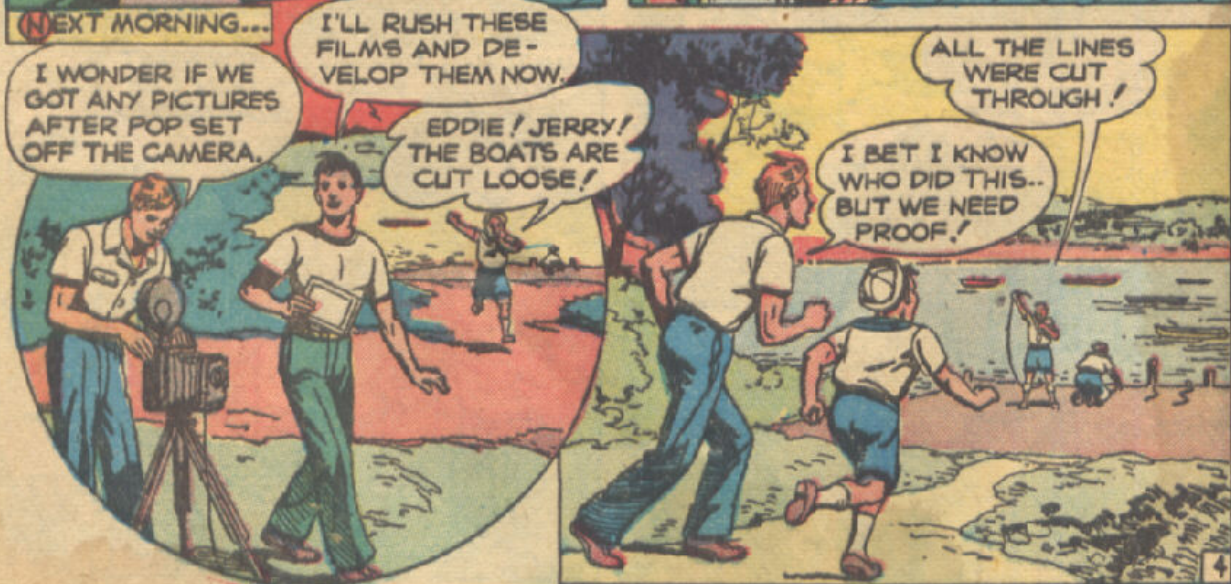
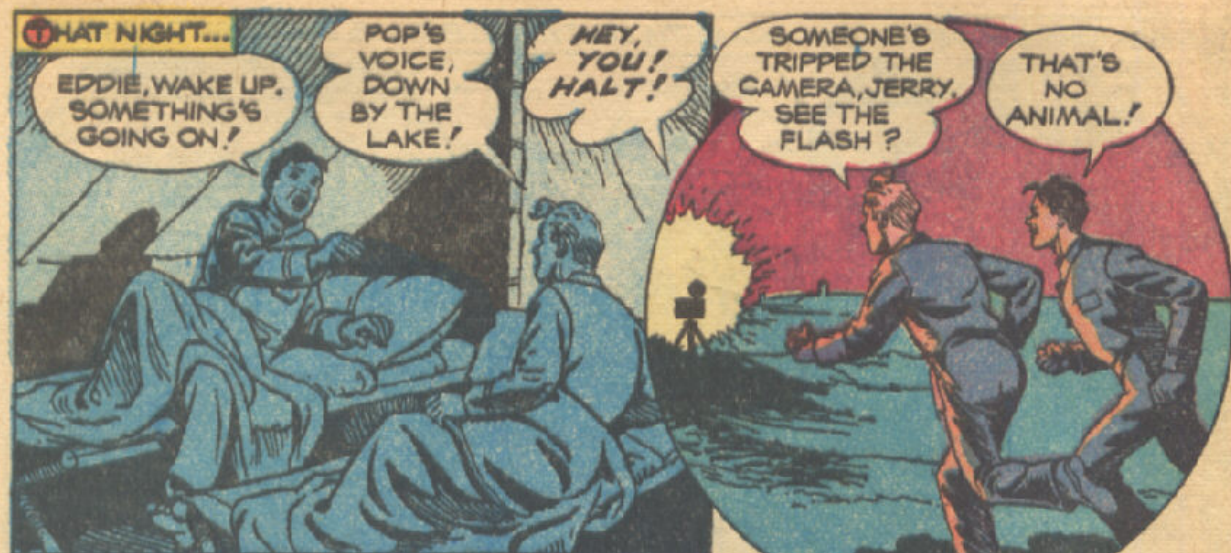


EDISON DIVES IN AFTER TOM AND WITH JERRY'S HELP PULLS HIM FROM THE WATER.



The annual race is rowed on the Thames. In 1946, the Oxford crew was victorious.

ANSWER
No. 15.



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THIS PROVES IT, EDDIE. IT WAS TOM PROCTOR. POP TOOK HIS PICTURE BY ACCIDENT.

IN THAT CASE, I'M GOING OVER THERE RIGHT NOW!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE HAVE THE PROOF ON YOU RIGHT HERE. WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?

TOM SNATCHES THE PICTURE...

YOU HAVE NO PROOF NOW! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

GRAB HIM, EDDIE!

HE WON'T GET FAR!

TOM! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHO ARE THESE BOYS?

OOPS! THEY THREATENED ME!

MR. PROCTOR HEARS THE STORY...

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T USE THE BOAT THE REST OF THE SUMMER!

WE'RE SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU, BUT I GUESS HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON.

WHAT A SUMMER! AND WHAT PICTURES WE'LL HAVE TO SHOW THE GANG IN THE CITY!

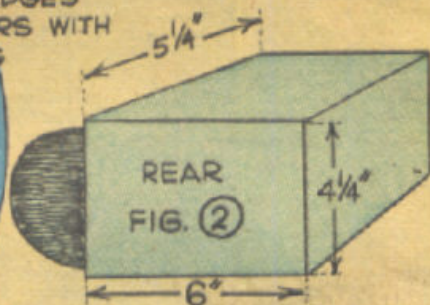
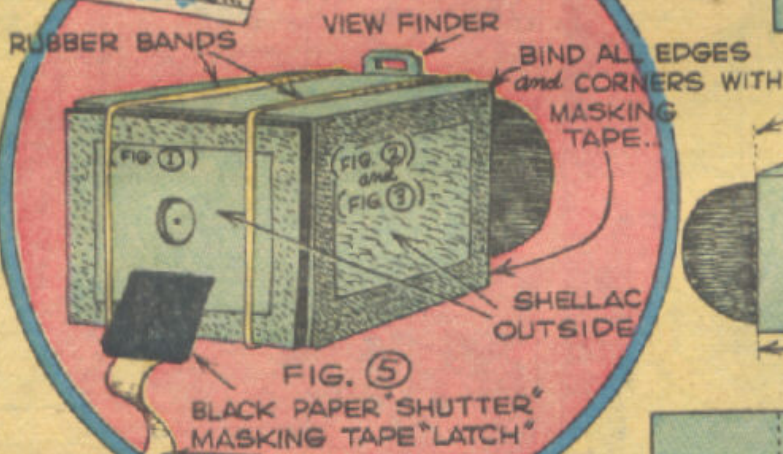
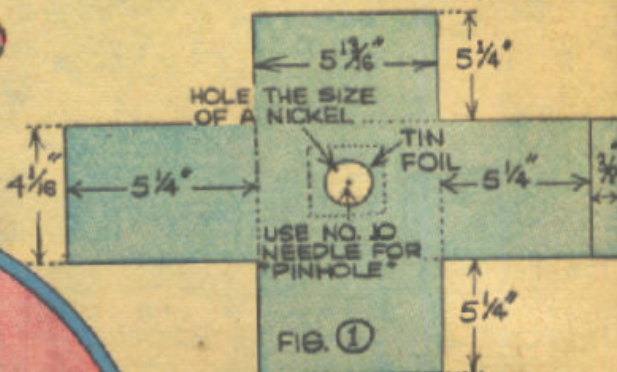
YOU BET; INCLUDING TOM'S! I'LL ADD THAT TO MY WILD LIFE COLLECTION!

THIS PINHOLE CAMERA TAKES EXCELLENT PICTURES!!

THIS CAMERA IS SCALED TO THE 4X5 FILM PACK BUT A CAMERA MAY BE BUILT TO SUIT ANY SIZE PACK BY SCALING THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.

Materials needed:

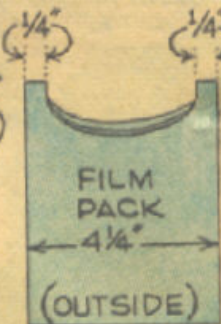
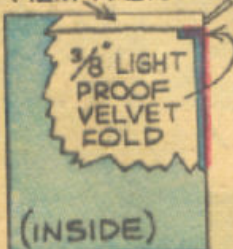
- (1) 2 PIECES HEAVY CARDBOARD 16"x20"
- (2) ROLL 1" SCOTCH MASKING TAPE...
- (3) FLAT BLACK PAINT
- (4) SHELLAC
- (5) STRIP BLACK VELVET
- (6) RUBBER BANDS...



MAKE RIGID VIEWFINDER FROM HEAVY CARDBOARD and GLUE ON...



FILM PACK



ATTACH TO CENTER OF REAR EDGE... MAKE THE "VIEW HOLE" 1 1/4" LONG and 1" WIDE. THE FRAME MAY BE ANY WIDTH...

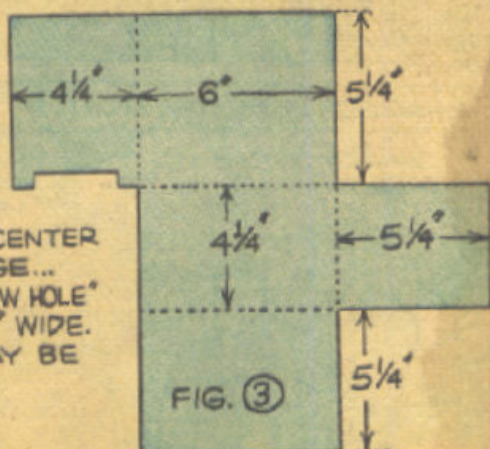
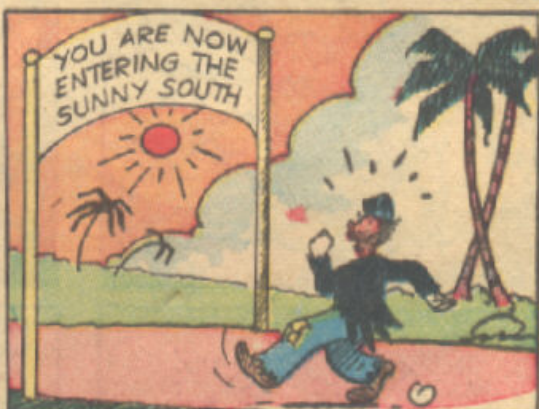
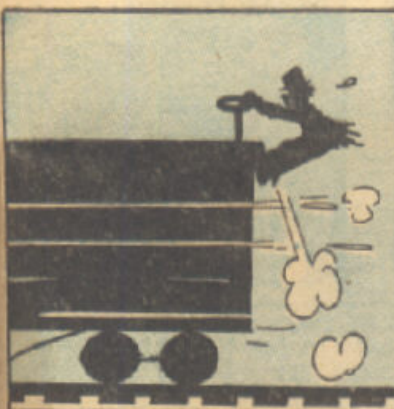
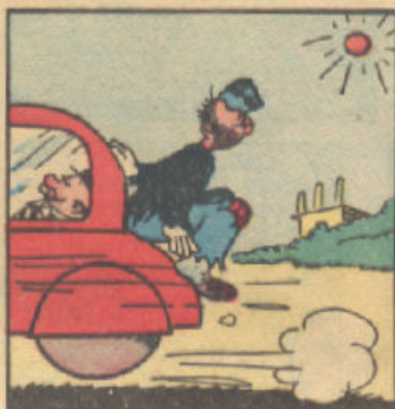
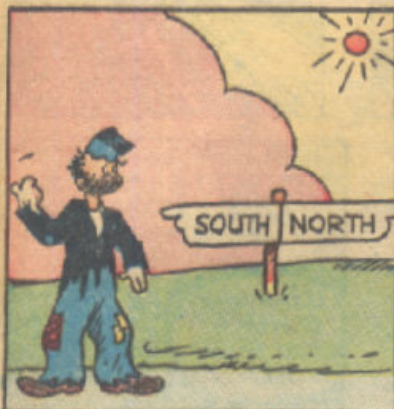
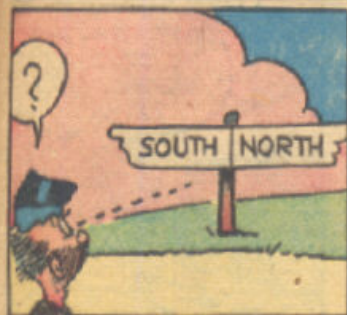


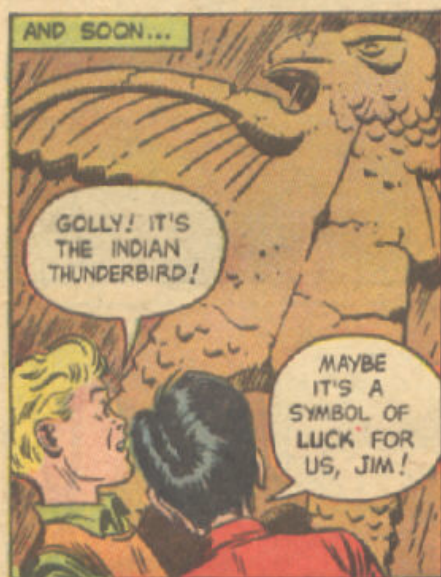
FIG. 3 HOLDS THE FILM PACK AND ALLOWS FIG. 1 TO SLIDE INTO IT... THEY ARE HELD TOGETHER WITH RUBBER BANDS AS IN FIG. 5

COAT INSIDE OF BOTH BOXES (FIGS. 1 and 3) WITH FLAT BLACK PAINT.

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



BLUE BOLT



FISK BIKE TIRES

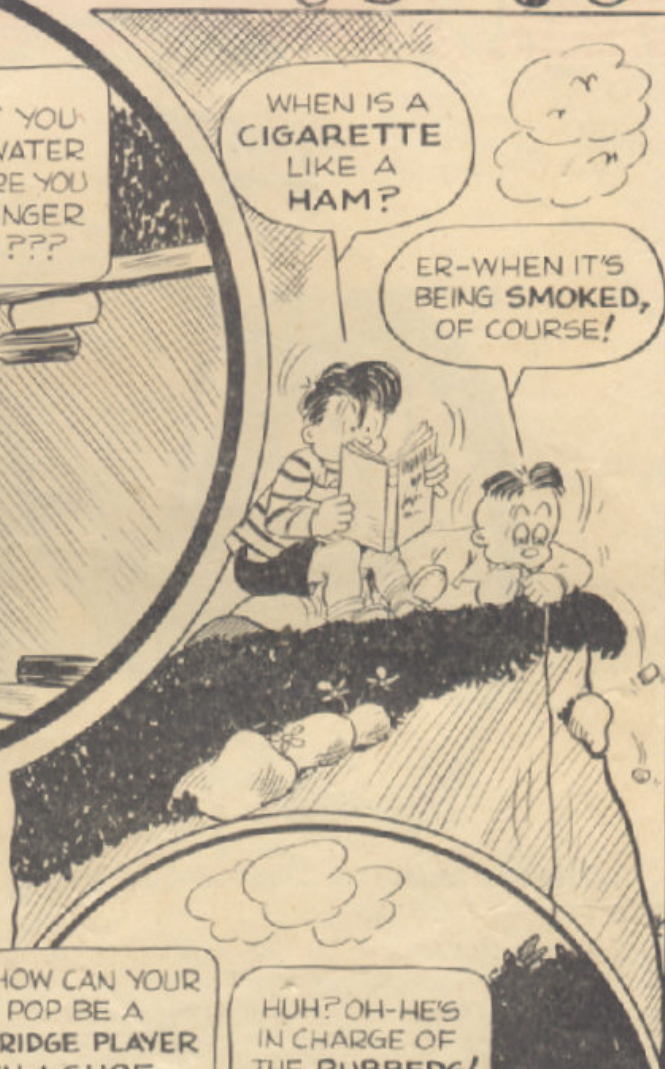
BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

I BURNED MY
FINGER IN A POT
OF HOT WATER!!

WHY DIDN'T YOU
FEEL THE WATER
FIRST BEFORE YOU
PUT YOUR FINGER
IN IT, HUH ???

WHEN IS A
CIGARETTE
LIKE A
HAM?

ER-WHEN IT'S
BEING SMOKED,
OF COURSE!



WHAT MAKES
YOU SO
HEAVY??

MUST BE MY
IRON CONSTITUTION!

HOW CAN YOUR
POP BE A
BRIDGE PLAYER
IN A SHOE
STORE?

HUH? OH-HE'S
IN CHARGE OF
THE RUBBERS!



MILY HAMMER



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